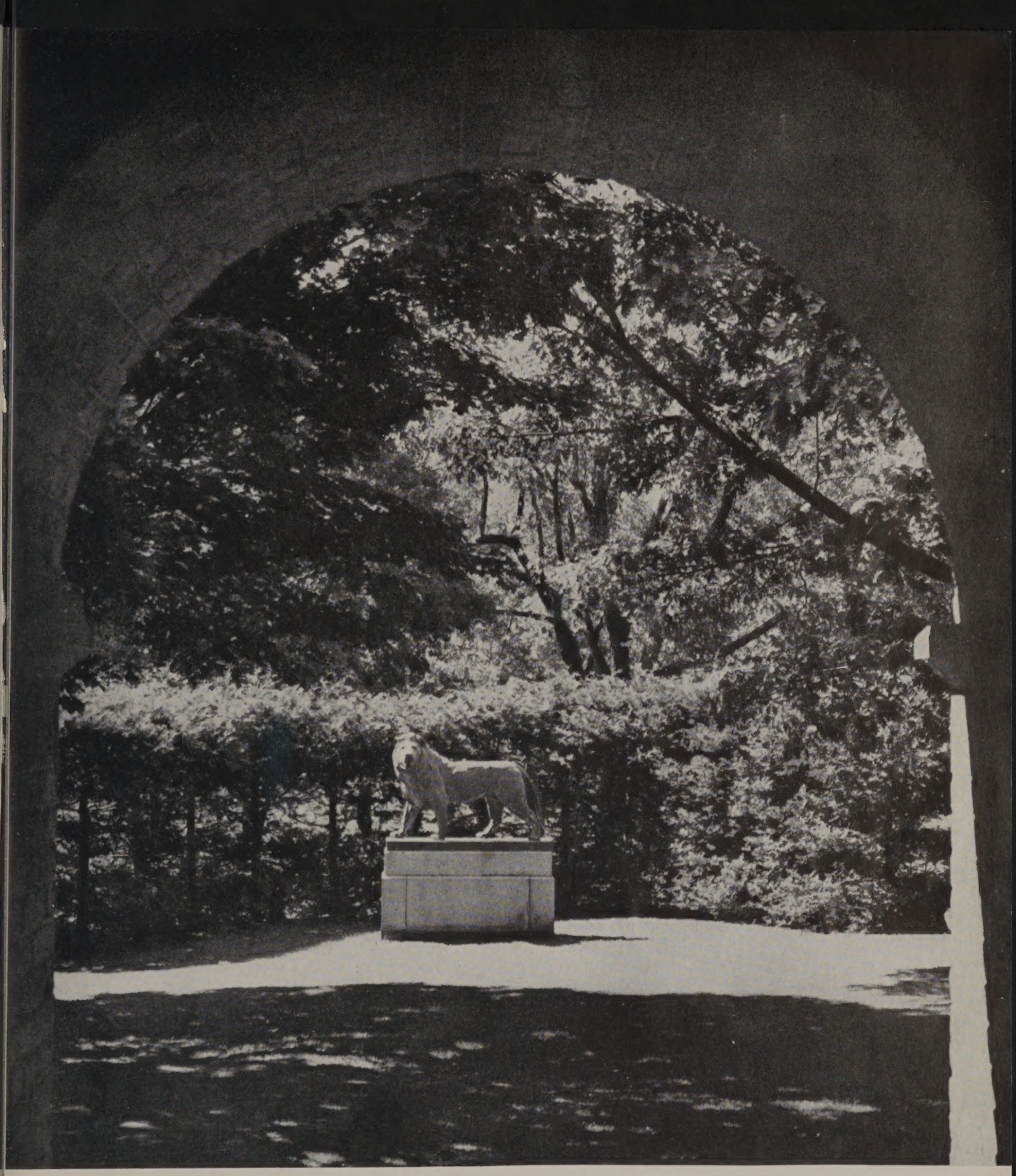
THE LION
1953



THE LION
1953

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EPISCOPAL VISITOR

The Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts

We, the Class of 1953,
respectfully dedicate this LION to
WILLIAM ROY BEGG
in appreciation of his encouragement
and humor both inside and
outside the classroom.

"You knew this, Roc?"

HEADMASTER AND MRS. WILLIAM W. BARBER, JR.

Harrington, Humez, Ulen, Adams, Carey, Williams, McAvoy, Chatfield, McCandless, Wiseman
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SIXTH FORM

THE SIXTH FORM IN '51

Quarton, Kean, Akers, Creel, Hall, R., Morrell, Neilson
Steedman, Rankin, Howarth, Harvey, Doughten, Sears, Hutchins, Hall, B., Armstrong, Douglas, Wisdom, Johnson
Supino, Spurr, Walsh, Jones, Scudder, Aiken, Roth, Davis, Coe, Shaw, Carter, White, Haskins, Smiddy
Reeves, Musgrave, VanVranken, Williamson, Berthelsen, Beveridge, Sherwood, Loudon, Gilmor, Byrd, Edwards

SIXTH FORM

Neilson, Doughten, Legorreta, Scudder, Armstrong, Hall, R., Howarth, E., Jones, A., Williamson, Loudon, Rankin
Reeves, Aiken, Supino, Coe, Walsh, Akers, Harvey, F. H., Ballande, Smiddy, Gilmor, Spurr, Hutchins, Morrell
VanVranken, Shaw, J., Kean, Beveridge, Sherwood, Steedman, Douglas, Berthelsen, Sears
Haskins, Carter, L. A., Musgrave, Edwards, Hall, B., Quarton

MONITORS

Berthelsen, Shaw, J., Kean
Steedman, Sherwood, Mr. Barber, Beveridge, Douglas

Form History

(*The following entries have been taken verbatim from the personal diary of the* St. Mark's Lion, *whose memorial stands outside the west cloisters.*)

June 1948. Dear Diary,

I can tell things are changing just by the feeling in my weary old bones. With age comes wisdom, you know. Now take those fifteen little Firsties. I've seen forms come and go for over eighty years. Gilly, Van, Mussy, Jiggy and the rest were like all the other First Forms last fall—tiny pebbles in a great pond. They've changed a little; they're bigger and cockier, but that is not what interests me. By the time they graduate, they will stand for something, for an era. When they go, the old days go. I feel that more strongly every time I think about it. Things are changing.

They will be the last form to go through Bloody Sunday, the last form to be paddled, the last form to be really belted by their superiors. There were plenty of evils in the old system, but also some very real good. If anything can put the fear of the Lord in little brats, what they and their predecessors have been through can. It takes them off their high horse in a hurry, makes the pebbles smaller and the pond bigger. That's what they stand for, and that's why I'm recording their history.

The first year has been long and tough. Long in the hours on the coalpile and the cold, dreary winter mornings; tough in getting adjusted and getting recognized. But it has also been a happy care-free year. Some things stand out. The daily, spontaneous mutilation of the person and property of an ungainly monster. It was a unifying diversion for brats with no sense of decency as yet, but

it had a tragic conclusion—twenty hours apiece for the infamous band. It has been the year of the Great Plague, the year of undefeated midget football (composite score: 147-6), the year of club baseball at its fighting best, the year of unparalleled dorm battles. There have been paddlings (the famous come-uppance of one "King Conceit," or Bruce as he is less widely known), and amusing classes under the inimitable doctors, Schenck and Harrison. It has been a full year. The form is united and strong: the tarnished pebbles were discovered early—three down the hatch already. The little men of '53 are ready for anything.

June 1949. Dear Diary,

All that could come, came. And so many more too. They started off the year with a party. Some party, too. Party favors included a belt buckle for Big Ron Roth and a tennis ball for Rolly. Chas was a bystander at the whole affair while Bevo was proclaimed host, Randy the entertainer, and Bruce the instigator. Everything went on a formal basis. They rented the New Wing and paid the bill in Room Seven. When everyone finally settled down to a nice, hotly-contested league of card baseball, Diz gave all the facts (even on bee raids) in his *Latest Lowdown*. Cool, calm, collecting Jiggy led the league till he found that no one likes anyone who wins all the time. Then, of course, I can't end this entry without a word about darling D.B., the man with the red-hot and very ready slate pad. I think my boys owe him something. If they can't make a living as doctors or lawyers they can shovel coal — chain-gang style.

June 1950. Dear Diary,

The same dreary bunch. I've really had my paws full. From the vicious Dorm D rumors that those southerners were spreading to that "Casanova-on-wheels" — why I bet if the farcical *Third Form Trumpet* hadn't appeared I would have broken down. The *Trumpet*, with its sole purpose of glorifying the third form and nothing else, was organized by budding journalists Bruce, Chas, and Bevo and was aided by temperamental Diz and his asinine and plagiaristic cartoon character, Superdroop Junior, no doubt the image of what everyone in the form wished to be. The boys were definitely in the writing stage this year. But it would have been better if boys like Willy and Ron Roth hadn't insisted that their readers autograph and comment on their stories, e.g., the Latin novel, *Six*. But Pizzi never minded being a scapegoat anyway. The boys ate well, too. Brantwood President Chas and Tenacious Sherwood doled out the holidays — to Nip, who always got them.

This was the year that the form first realized that there were twenty-one written rules to break. The first tussles with the nightwatchman began, and Dizzy and equally careless Story Musgrave started roaming the corridors and the Worcester turnpike in search of nothing to do. There were huge water-bottle fights on the New Dorm roof, too, and Worthy always lost out.

And, of course, I can't forget how big lovable Jeff Coolidge tried to put dorm feasts out of fashion. That was the time of tin cups, arrows, broken windows, and a soul-rendering meeting with Gac. If the boys were looking forward to their fourth-form year, it's hard to tell why. If only they hadn't found out about those twenty-one rules.

JUNE 1951. DEAR DIARY,

It's just been one big race. They've tried to see who could be the first to break the school's twenty-one written rules.

Of course, to my credit there was athletic Randy, and Bennyboys Mike and Chas, but not much else except head librarian Jiggy Coe. And I'm not sure, either, if they actually did manage to crack all twenty-one rules, though it was a good try anyway. It all started with the friendliest little game of poker in club 171 you can ever imagine. The boys, though, did gain one thing from their trouble—a real buddy. I remember, too, the West 3 Coliseum's fights with the record attendance of thirty-seven. It was this year that the climax of Dwight Davis's career was reached. With mastermind William Peterson planning, the famed "Benny's Car Episode" was executed. It was following this that Inspector Coker filed his brilliant report on S.M. Sin and Immorality in Marlboro and vicinity. In the spring the hacking lightened, and the form (now "the worst in school") began to acquire that humorous and inevitable upper-school cynicism; and now for the first time in the spring their fancy turned to thoughts of — and in particular, their first "big dance"—at Tenacre. They're still growing, I can tell.

JUNE 1952. DEAR DIARY,

The form was divided this year. There were those who played poker and there were those who campaigned. I suppose both groups had their good points. Only

at odd times did the groups overlap. For instance, there were the Roosevelt Grille celebration party, and the Sixth-Form Dance Birddog Club with the Bobsey Twins, and even the atrocious nodoz market at mid-year exams. Thus with one-half of the form played against the other, a few worries departed (just before the beginning of the term) and good deeds and teen-age problems increased which were to plague us throughout the term.

But to mention a few of the good deeds, theatrical John Loudon has shone in the SMDC *Inspector General*, and the dance committee ran a successful barn dance. Tim slammed out four hits against Groton after spending most of the season on Ulen's maritime squad, and the important war scenes of the form movie were taken with the acting of "generalissimo" Haskins.

Everyone was so tense at the end of the spring term when staff, club, and school positions were announced. I saw a few who bitterly burnt old campaign posters and such, but no one committed suicide. I can hardly wait till next year.

DECEMBER 1952. DEAR DIARY,

I read in the Bible once something about becoming a man and putting away

childish things. I guess these boys just don't read the Bible. Although that saying should be quite familiar anyway. I suspect they'll end the year the same way they started it. With a wham. Naturally I was pleased with the way Randy and a few of the big boys—hefty John Shaw, slender Tim Sherwood, lanky Gordon Douglas, and racy Andy Rankin —led the football team to a snowy 27-12 smear over Groton. And likewise with Denny's footsters, including massive Boomy, rapid Tim, speedy Ave, fleet Morrell, and ah-Lee in the goal. But there was also the Wheeler dance discussions. Here's what happened:

The day before the dance *somebody* got the idea that it would be nice if we all stayed on the dance floor during the dance. This immediately brought up the question, "*Why?*" Just before the big debate an exhibition of Indian warfare was put up in the sixth-form room to give everyone some background data on the case. Actually the discussion got no results and most of the boys came away with the idea that it would be even necessary to show a draft card to get punch at the dance. Of course, to the few who had shown foresight two years previously, the draft card was no worry.

And speaking of girls, there was the time when Nip enticed Richie and Van to seek relief in rural affairs. Luckily Badge stopped these gentlemen before anything had a chance to develop; nevertheless it didn't help their discipline records, and when the firebug ("Let's toss matches at each other") episode exploded, I thought I had seen the last of at least one of them. However, the final outcome of this was only that the smoking team had to cancel the rest of its games. Meanwhile Lion Films, Inc., was busy shooting the final scenes of its movie *The Sheik of Apocalyse* starring Valentino Berthelsen, directed by Buzzooks, and Alex, and produced by J. P. $cudder. The rest of the boys were either munching cheese, working out crossword puzzles, or studying history problems. When the term finally ended with the usual dorm feasts, one extended vacation, and a discriminating Brucemas party (next one in 1957), almost everyone ran to New York and grew a year older. I thought I had best follow.

March 1953. Dear Diary,

Vacations can even be more fun than the school terms. After a 2-1 victory over Ronnie's Lawrenceville team everyone began to celebrate the New Year at Randy's. S. Woods was there with everyone and everything, and L. Jackson was there with herself and Shaw. No need in saying what Bevo was there with, though he wasn't the only one. When I got back to school, I knew I was in for a very special term. The first event was getting a Walnut Hill concert called off, which was —too bad. Then for a change, Mr. Barber made the form think a little of college and he asked an admissions director of one of the east's discriminating metropolitan colleges to visit. Parlor was no longer a smoker now because of the sports season.

Instead it was kind of musical culture period. When he wasn't practicing for an aria in the chapel, B. Carooster Hall would accompany his voice with an accordion in the headmaster's study. Of course, Averell was indispensable at the piano, playing all the hits, including "Of Thee I, Of Thee, Of Thee I sing, BABY." Also it was time now to begin thinking of the sixth-form dance—and everyone did, except Jiggy, naturally. The major complications on the weekend included: Gus getting Weatherbee Aiken's girl, Hutchins getting Hall's girl, nobody getting Shaw's girl, Van getting no girl, everybody wanting Richie's girl, Ballande getting his girl, and most of the rest of the form getting townies. I'll say just one more word on the weekend—Maribeth.

Though Mr. Badger got sick as a dog one week before the opening night of the musical, Doc Shep and President Loudon pushed everyone, and on production night the boys were practically sitting in their laps.

College Boards, the annual bore, was the final event of the eventful term which also included the form's first drastic discipline measure. Four fourth-formers were paraded before a barrage of "sirs" and silly questions. (Example—Concerning the discovery of taboo coke bottles in his room, the boy was asked "Why?" "I don't know, SIR." Neilsen: "Is your thirst any greater than mine?") On the first day of vacation after Mike had taken off for the land of Oranges, Indians and Judy, and almost everyone else had headed home, a group of six gathered in Providence where Doctor Sears, Sober Andy, and Sherry Shaw displayed their teenicide talents.

April 1953. Dear Diary,

It's spring. It's in the air. It's in the boys. They're anxious. So am I. I keep thinking of the future and its events. I imagine I can see Bevo kissing all the babies in the country (especially around Jimmy Ryan's) in his effort to sit in Congress, and Boomy Coon asking for lower wages in the Senate. And there's Randy playing halfback for the Detroit Lions, and Charlie Steedman buying a sports arena after he's made his first million, Gus running all the banks in Mexico, Fred Harvey bankrupting the restaurant business, Willy making up crossword puzzles for the *New York Times*, Buzzy as an usher at the Met, Averell as a father, Denny following the sun, Bob "Hilton" Armstrong buying the Virgin Islands, Gordon as the president of Hahrvard, and Morrell as the capitalist who cleaned up by selling vodka when the Russians invaded America. All this might be true. I wonder. And I'm tired.

May 30, 1953. Dear Diary,

The only trouble this term arose when Mr. Barber decided that big boys, including monitors, ought to act like big boys. I don't think all the trouble was their fault, however; it might have been something higher than that—and I don't need to mention a name; it's all in the record.

Still there is no denying that the form

started off the term on the wrong foot, tripped, and then crawled around until June. Gilly and Mike began things by selling imported water guns at (naturally) black-market prices. Then everyone, including Fred, tore a hole in their Brooks Bros. suit pockets for their guns, just to "be ready." Gac ended all this very soon, however, with a little lecture after morning prayers. Then, except for making tape recordings of the Thursday night lectures and a "mild" coke and ginger ale (*et al*) party in Framingham, there was almost nothing to do. Once the boys might rush out two *St. Markers* a day, or someone might try to hunt up a back copy of the *Vindex* (he never found it), and the Cercle (their motto, "all that glitters is not gold,") even displayed shining performances on French Night—but there was actually nothing to do. So it happened.

In spite of the four monitors present and the nature of the ceremony they were about to perform, I could not help but feel that the whole atmosphere on that May night was very unofficial and very secular. Immediately after Hutch was bent up and "baptized" (complete immersion, including clothes), the "evangelistic" spirit seized everyone and before the services were over for the night (and the week), approximately thirty boys, one corridor, and one ceiling (Maxyvoy and Biff missed by minutes) had been aquatically acquainted. When the mist had cleared and the Fire had cooled, a seventh form with a new head mo emerged, the school's most "influential form" controlling every school organization except the *Blue and White* and the Stationery store. Then, just two weeks later, the form's second win over Groton united everyone again (with an occasional exception) and made them realize that, regardless, *a diploma is a diploma.*

I should say more, though, about the Groton baseball game. With mad Buzzy gone, there was a frantic search for someone to hex the Grotties. All doubts were dispelled when Dwight D. drove up for the week-end, equipped with everything a boy needs for popularity. After proper

ceremonies, Oracle Davis predicted a 10-2 win.

I said those boys would end the year with a wham, and they did. After the 16-9 triumph over the Grots, two "double-pro" members decided to celebrate the victory on the town. After a midnight stroll, they returned only to find the whole police force looking for them. After this, some members of the form were so downcast or disappointed that suicide and soul-searching were the main topics of conversation. All became outwardly unified, if not inwardly, before the end, and the form settled down for exams.

June 11, 1953. Dear Diary,

I'm going down to the chapel after this entry. I was thinking now of how much the Barbers have helped me, too, and the faculty. How grateful I feel. Tomorrow the boys may graduate.

NEWS FLASH!

Southboro, Mass. (AP) June 13. Local authorities are still baffled today over the discovery of an apparently insane lion that was found crying at the altar rail of the St. Mark's chapel yesterday evening.

No official explanation has yet been given as to how or why the lion had his breakdown. The lion offered no resistance when the attendants carried him away, however. A veterinary present at the scene diagnosed the case this way: "It seems to me that the lion had been working very hard at something for quite a while. It's enough to give anyone a breakdown, I guess.

"Perhaps the reason he didn't offer any resistance was because he felt he had done the job satisfactorily," the doctor said.

SCOTT AIKEN

Southborough, Massachusetts

Scientific Society '52, Vice-President '53; Scholar '51; St. Mark's Scholar '50, '52; Weatherman '52, '53; *Cum Laude.*

A scholar is like a book written in a dead language: it is not everyone that can read it.

MICHAEL AKERS

Naples, Florida

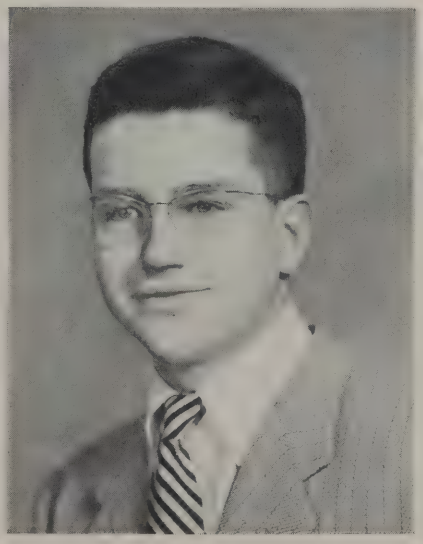
Prefect; Football Squad '50, Team '51, '52; Basketball Squad '51; Fives Team '50; Baseball Squad '50, Team '51, '52, Captain '53; Choir-Glee Club '51, '52, '53; Fine Arts Society '51; Junior Dramatic Club '50; Scientific Society '50; Student Council '53; Dance Committee; Brotherhood of St. Andrew '53; Acolytes Guild '52, '53; School Store Manager '53.

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O my soul is white.

ROBERT DOUGLAS ARMSTRONG
St. Croix, Virgin Islands

Prefect; Soccer Squad '52; Basketball Squad '53; Business Manager *Vindex* '53; Dramatic Club '49, '52; Creative Writing Club '52; Librarian '51, '52; Telephone Boy '51.

Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about.



FRANÇOIS HENRI GABRIEL BALLANDE
Paris, France

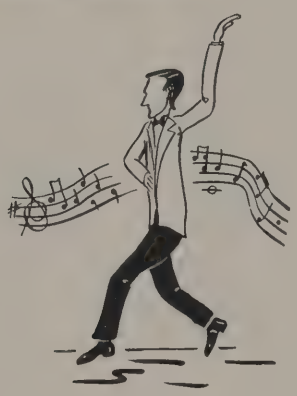
American Field Service Exchange Student; Soccer Team '52; Choir-Glee Club '53; Co-president French Club '53; Dramatic Club '53; Telephone Boy '53; Lion Films.

The passion of every Frenchman is to pass for a wit.

Lee Alexander Berthelsen

New York, New York

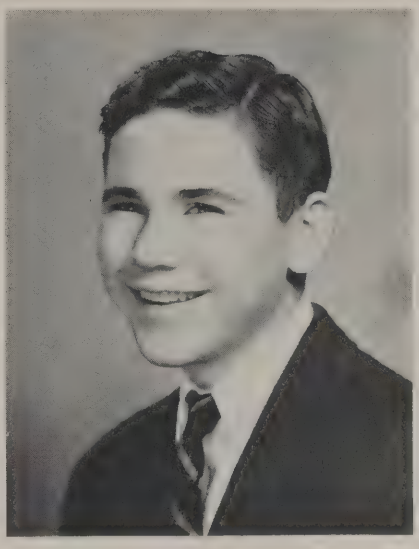
Monitor; Prefect; Soccer Team '52; Basketball Squad '53; Baseball Squad '52, '53; *St. Marker* Board '53; Student Council '52, '53; Choir-Glee Club '52, '53; Octet '52, '53; Band '53; Librarian '51, '52; Dance Committee; Junior Dramatic Club '50; Dramatic Club '51, '52, '53; Scientific Society '50, '51; Fine Arts Society '50, '51; Minstrel Show '52; French Club '53; Debating Team '52, '53; Corinthian Debating Board '53; St. Mark's Scholar '50, '51, '52, '53; Brotherhood of St. Andrew '52, '53; Acolytes Guild '52, '53; Lion Films; *Cum Laude.*

As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Albert Jeremiah Beveridge, III

Hingham, Massachusetts

Monitor; Prefect; Football Squad '51, Team '52; Hockey Squad '51, Team '52, Captain '53; *St. Marker* Board '52, '53; Editor-in-Chief Lion; Student Council '50, '51, '52, Vice-President '53; Form President '51, '52; Scientific Society '51, '53; French Club '53; Dance Committee; Mycenean Debating Board '53; Debating Team '52, '53; Librarian '51, '52; Scholar '48, '50, '51, '52; Brotherhood of St. Andrew '52, Secretary '53; Acolytes Guild '50, '52, '53; Church Sacristy '52; Chapel Usher; Sunday School Teacher; Brantwood Store '50; *Cum Laude.*

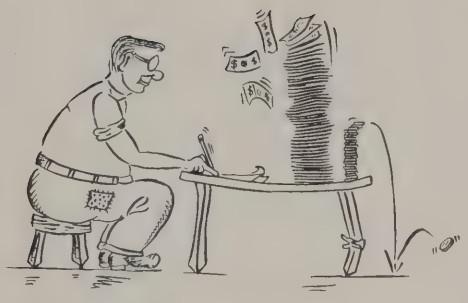
If I have done the public any service, it is due to patient thought.



LAWSON AVERELL CARTER, JR.
New Haven, Connecticut

Prefect; Soccer Squad '51, Team '52; Hockey Manager '53; *St. Marker* Board '53; Scientific Society '51; Dramatic Club '53; Choir-Glee Club '53; Co-president French Club '53.

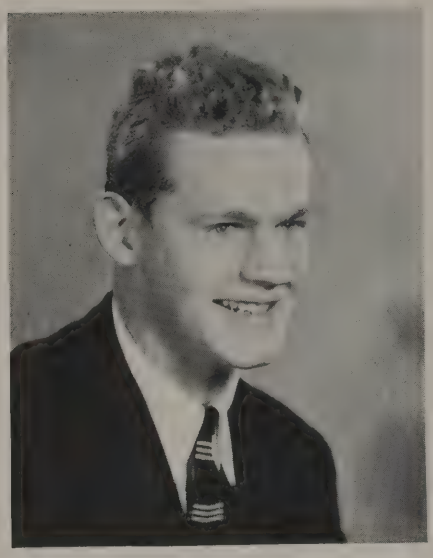
Youth is a wonderful thing. What a crime to waste it on children.



ROBERT PIERPONT COE
Southborough, Massachusetts

Prefect; Football Squad '51, '52; Tennis Squad '52, Team '53; Fives Team '53; LION Board '53; Choir '48; Stamp Club '48; Student Council '53; Librarian '51, '52; Scholar '48, '50, '51, '52, '53; Brotherhood of St. Andrew '53; Brantwood Counsellor.

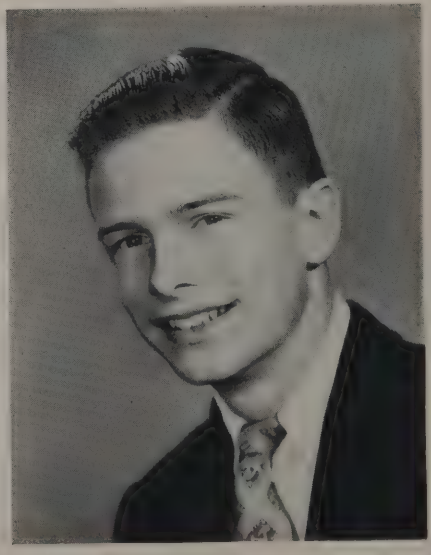
Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.



JAMES RANDALL CREEL, III
New York, New York

Prefect; Football Team '50, '51, Captain '52; Hockey Team '52, '53; Baseball Team '53; Stage Crew; Dance Committee; Choir-Glee Club '50, '51, '52, '53.

Good at a fight, but better at play;
Godlike in giving, but the devil to pay.



RICHARD MERRILL DOUGHTEN
Vaucresson, France

Prefect; Wrestling Squad '52, '53; Choir-Glee Club '51, '52, '53; Scientific Society '50, '51, '52; Dramatic Club '53; Committee French Club '53.

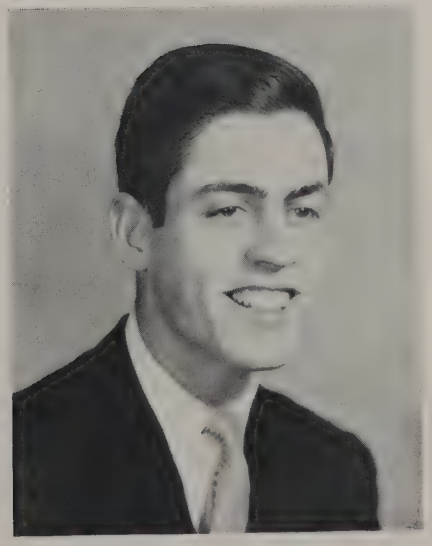
Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.

JAMES GORDON DOUGLAS, III

Old Westbury, New York

Monitor; Prefect; Football Squad '51, Team '52; Wrestling Squad '51, Team '52, Captain '53; *St. Marker* Board '53; *Vindex* Board '53; Choir-Glee Club '52, '53; Dramatic Club '53; Student Council '52, '53; Mail Boy '51, '52; Brantwood Counsellor.

I think I could turn and live with goats, they are so placid and self-contained.

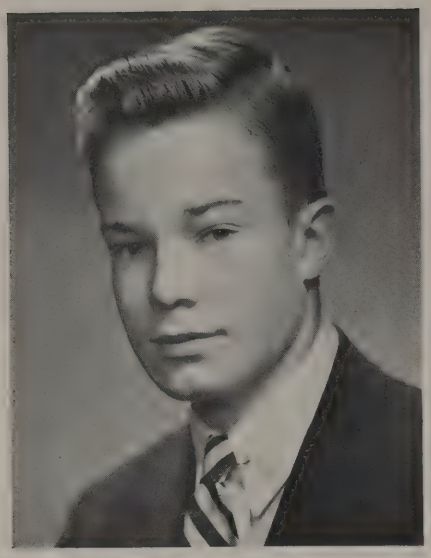


OGDEN MATHIAS EDWARDS

Lexington, Kentucky

Prefect; Soccer Team '52, Captain '53; Golf Team '49, '50, '51; *St. Marker* Board '52, '53; Scientific Society '49, '53; Camera Club '50, '51, '52; Brotherhood of St. Andrew '53; Chapel Usher '53; Telephone Boy '51, '52.

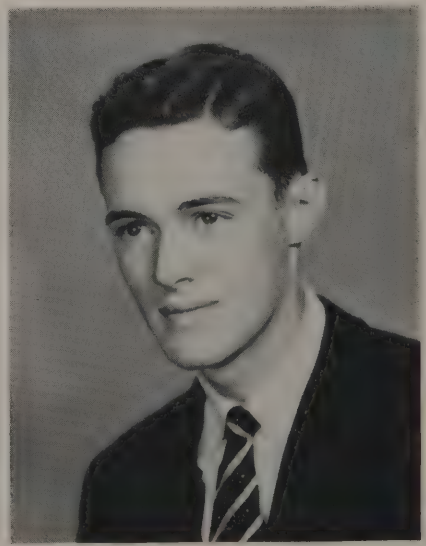
Beware the fury of a patient critter.



ROBERT GILMOR, JR.
Woodbury, New York

Prefect; Football Squad '51, Team '52; Wrestling Team '52, '53; President Brotherhood Club '53; Scientific Society '50, '51, '52 '53; Dramatic Club '53; Choir-Glee Club '48; '50, '51, '52, '53; Brotherhood of St. Andrew '53; Crucifer '53; Flag Boy '51, '52; Westboro Volunteer '52.

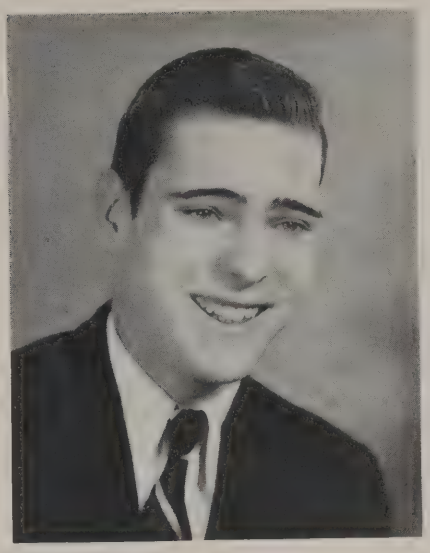
O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.



BENJAMIN LAMBERT HALL
Edgartown, Massachusetts

Choir-Glee Club '51, '52, '53; Scientific Society '51, '52; Octet '53; Band '53; Lion Films.

Blowing up what I had a mind to,
Singing when I felt inclined to.

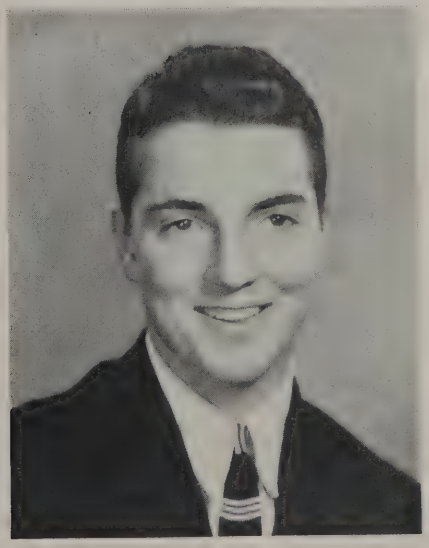


ROLAND COTTON HALL

Boston, Massachusetts

Prefect; Football Squad '52; Baseball Squad '53; *Vindex* Board '52, '53; Choir-Glee Club '52, '53; French Club '53; Dramatic Club '53; Scholar '50, '51, '52; Brotherhood of St. Andrew '53; Librarian '51, '52.

He lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow.

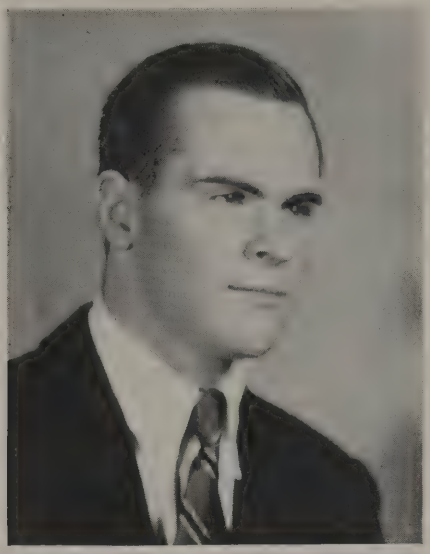


FREDERICK HUCKEL HARVEY

Libertyville, Illinois

Football Team '51, '52; Hockey Squad '51, Team '52, '53; Crew Squad '51, Team '52, Captain '53; Choir-Glee Club '51, '52, '53; Octet '53; Dramatic Club '53, Committee French Club '53.

A man of action, forced into a state of thought, is unhappy until he can get out of it.

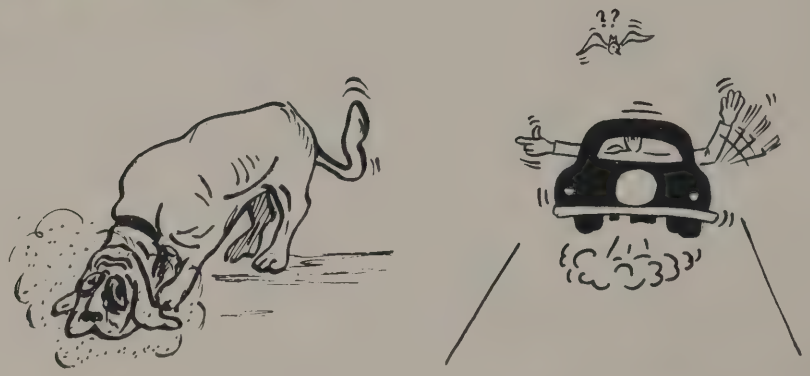


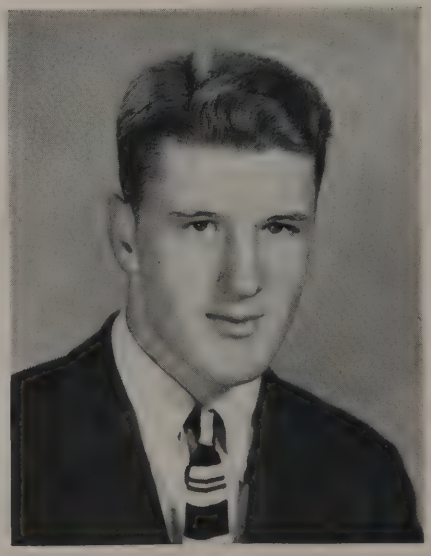
THOMAS EWING HASKINS

Niantic, Connecticut

Prefect; Wrestling Team '51, '52, '53; Tennis Team '51, '52, Co-Captain '53; Soccer Team '51, '52; Telephone Boy '52; Brantwood Counsellor; Pawn Shop Boy '53; Westboro Volunteer '51.

My mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings.



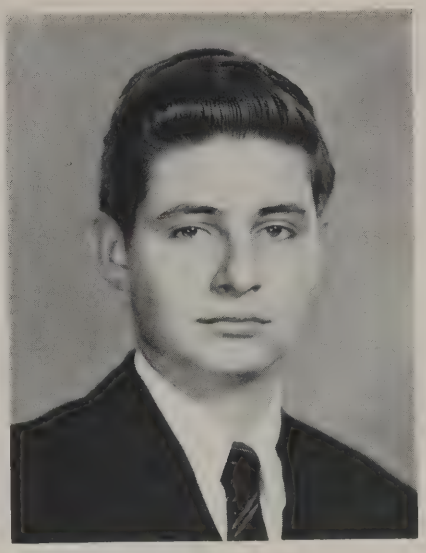


ERNEST EDWARD HOWARTH, JR.

Southborough, Massachusetts

Football Manager '52; Basketball Squad '51, Team '52, Captain '53; Choir '48; Scientific Society '53; Telephone Boy '52; Brantwood Counsellor; Sunday School Teacher.

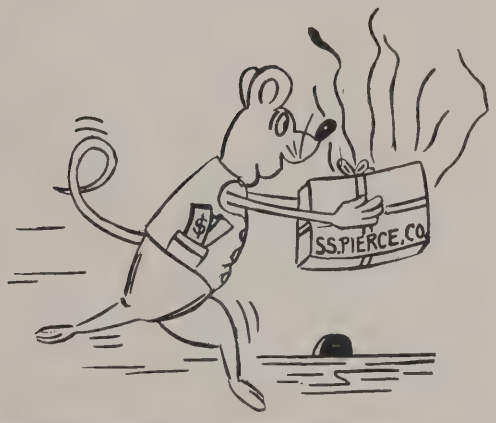
Few sons are like their father, many are worse.
Few, indeed, are better than the Ben.

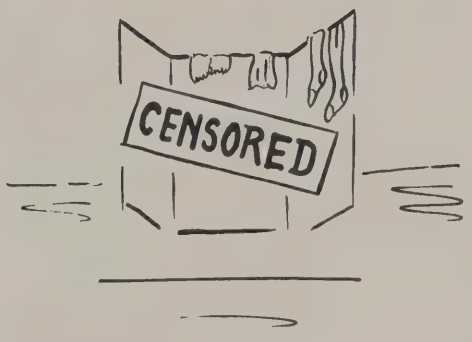


ROBERT PARKER HUTCHINS
Boston, Massachusetts

Soccer Squad '50, '51, '52; Choir-Glee Club '51, '52, '53; Dramatic Club '51, '52, '53; Prize Declaimer '50; Cheerleader '52; Telephone Boy '50, '51; Brantwood Counsellor.

Jazz will endure as long as people hear it through their feet instead of their brains.

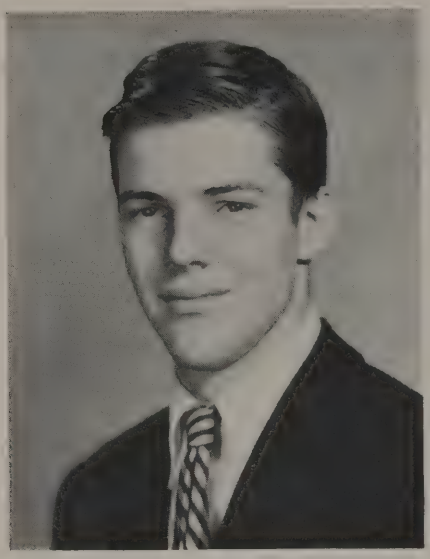




ARNOLD WHEELER JONES, JR.
Providence, Rhode Island

Tennis Squad '53; Gun Club '53; French Club '53.

It's not what you do . . . it's who you know and the smile on your face! It's contacts.



Thomas Howard Kean
Livingston, New Jersey

Monitor; Prefect; Soccer Team '52; Wrestling Team '52, '53; Tennis Squad '52; *St. Marker* Board '53; Lion Board '53; Student Council '52, '53; Debating Team '52, '53; Dramatic Club '53; French Club '53; Corinthian Debating Board '53, Scholar '52; Brotherhood of St. Andrew '52, '53; Brantwood Counsellor; Prize Declaimer '52; Telephone Boy '51, '52; Sunday School Teacher; Acolytes Guild '52, '53.

A politician is a walrus who can sit on a fence and yet keep both ears to the ground.

Agustin Francisco Legorreta
Mexico D.F., Mexico

Soccer Squad '52; Choir-Glee Club '53; Secretary French Club '53.

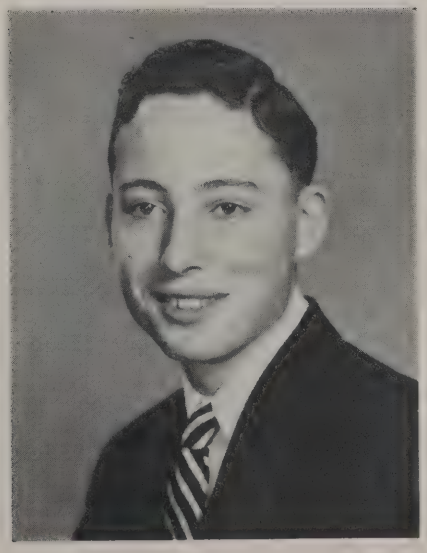
Sincerity and truth are the basis of every virtue.

JOHN LOUDON

Aerdenhout, Holland

Prefect; Football Squad '52; Hockey Squad '52, Team '53; LION Board '53; *St. Marker* Board '53; Student Council '51; Choir-Glee Club '51, '52, '53; Octet; Dramatic Club '49, '50, '51, '52, President '53; French Club '53; President Thayer Club; Scholar '49, '51; Debating Team '52, '53; Corinthian Debating Board; Brotherhood of St. Andrew '53; Dance Committee; Prize Declaimer; Lion Films.

Some of the greatest love affairs I've known have involved one actor—unassisted.

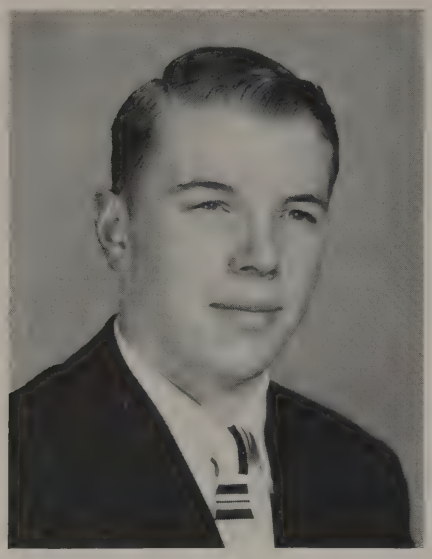


JOHN BAUDOUIN MORRELL

New York, New York

Prefect; Soccer Squad '50, Team '51, '52; Hockey Squad '53; *Vindex* Board '53; Business Manager LION '53; Choir-Glee Club '53; French Club Committee '53; Librarian '51, '52; Chairman Dance Committee; Brantwood Counsellor.

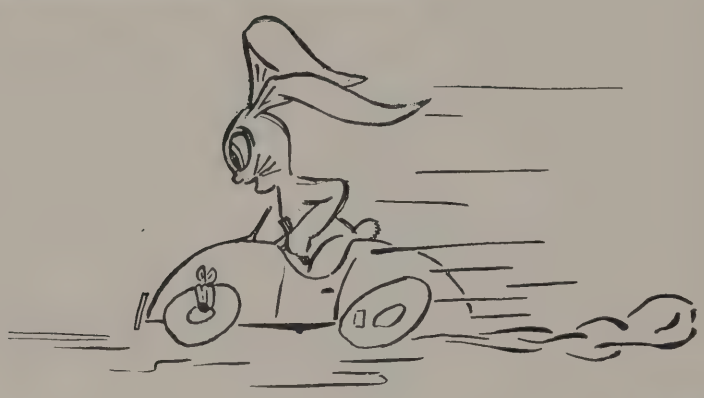
The ripened fruit is golden to the core.
East Side, West Side, all around the town.



Franklin Story Musgrave
Cheshire, Massachusetts

Prefect; Wrestling Squad '48, '49, '50, '51, Team '52, '53; Crew Squad '48; Scientific Society '49, '50, '51, '52; Junior Dramatic Club '49; Fine Arts Society '48, '49, '50, '51; Brotherhood of St. Andrew '52, '53; Chapel Warden '53, Chapel Boy '52; Church Sacristy '51; Acolytes Guild '51, '52, '53; Westboro Volunteer '52.

By sports like these are all his cares beguil'd;
The sports of children satisfy the rabbit.



Alexander Slidell Neilson, Jr.
Kittery Point, Maine

Soccer Squad '51; Crew Squad '52, '53; French Club Committee '53; Creative Writing Club '52; Fine Arts Society '53; Scientific Society '52; Brantwood Counsellor; Westboro Volunteer '52; Lion Films.

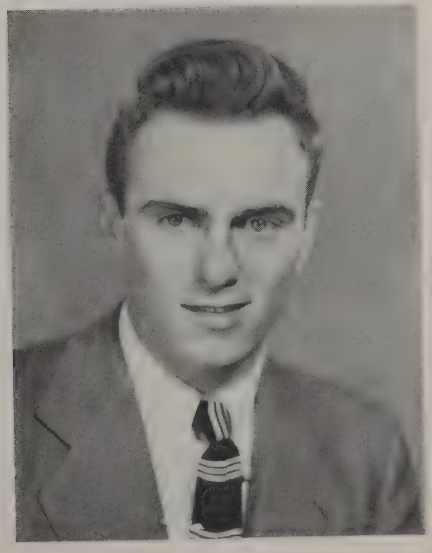
The essence of a self-reliant and autonomous culture is an unshakable egoism.

DAVID JEROME QUARTON

Southborough, Massachusetts

Football Team '51, '52; Wrestling Team '52, '53; *Vindex* Board '53; Scientific Society '52, President '53; Choir-Glee Club '52, '53; Octet '53; Brotherhood of St. Andrew '53; Musical Comedy '51; *Cum Laude.*

Science is for those who learn; poetry, for those who know.



ANDREW MESERVE RANKIN, II

Providence, Rhode Island

Football Squad '51, Team '52; Hockey Team '53; Crew Squad '52, Team '53; Fives Team '53; Choir-Glee Club '51, '52, '53; Octet '53; French Club '53; Dramatic Club '53; Musical Comedy '52.

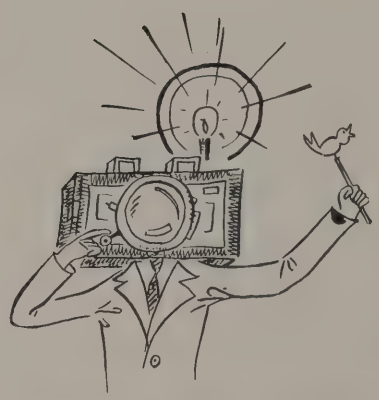
A dubba with a rage for saying something when there's nothing to be said.

Bruce Manning Reeves

Providence, Rhode Island

Prefect; Football Team '51, '52; Hockey Squad '51, '52, Team '53; Baseball Manager '52; *St. Marker* Board '52, Editor-in-Chief '53; *Vindex* Board '53; Lion Board '53; Choir-Glee Club '48, '52, '53; Junior Dramatic Club '49; Dramatic Club '53; French Club '53; Creative Writing Club '52; Scholar '48, '49, '50; Brantwood Counsellor; Organist.

A great nose indicates a great man.
As a man lives and thinks, so will he write.

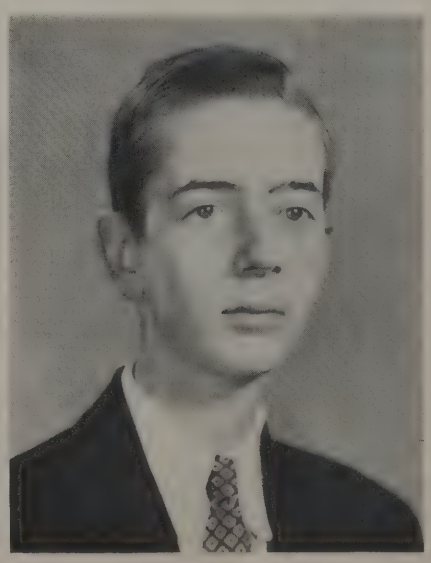


David Witherspoon Scudder

Bondville, Vermont

Baseball Manager '53; Lion Board '53; Brotherhood of St. Andrew '52, '53; Librarian '51, '52; Supply Store Manager; Scholar '50, '52; St. Mark's Scholar '51; Acolytes Guild '52, '53; Sunday School Teacher; Lion films; *Cum Laude.*

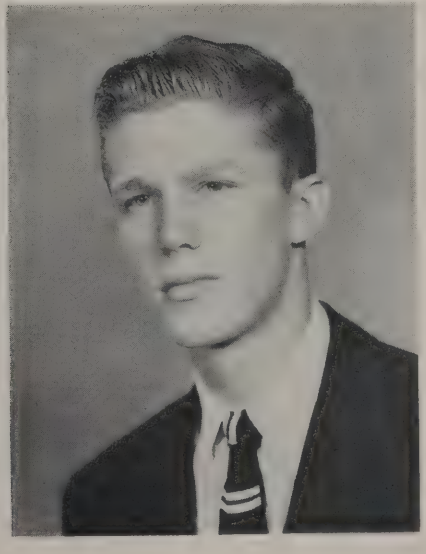
Silence is deep as Eternity; speech is shallow as Time



JOHN IRVING SHAW, JR.
Chicago, Illinois

Monitor; Prefect; Football Team '51, '52; Hockey Team '53; Business Manager *St. Marker* '53; Choir-Glee Club '48, '51, '52, President '53; Octet '53; Scientific Society '51; Brotherhood of St. Andrew '52, '53; Dramatic Club '53; Musical Comedy '52; Minstrel Show '52; Librarian '51, '52; Dance Committee; Mycenean Debating Board; Scholar '51.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.



THORNE SHERWOOD, JR.
Stamford, Connecticut

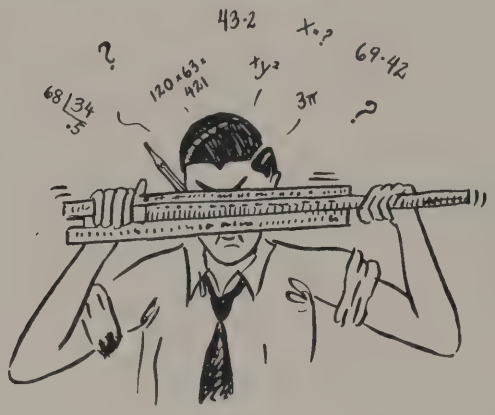
Head Monitor; Prefect; Football Squad '51, Team '52; Hockey Team '53; Baseball Team '52, '53; Fives Team '50, '53; *Vindex* Board '53; *St. Marker* Board '53; Student Council '49, '50, '51, '52, President '53; President Lower School Student Council '50; President Athletic Association '53; Brotherhood of St. Andrew '52, Co-Director '53; Debating Team '52; Scientific Society '50, '51, '52; Creative Writing Club '52; Choir-Glee Club '53; Octet '53; Librarian '51, '52; Brantwood Store '50; St. Mark's Scholar '49, '50, '51, '52; Brantwood Counsellor; Acolytes Guild '52, '53; *Cum Laude.*

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

EARL RAYMOND SMIDDY, JR.
Fayville, Massachusetts

Football Squad '51, Team '52; Basketball Squad '51, '52, '53; Baseball Squad '51, '52, '53; Choir-Glee Club '53; Scientific Society '53; Dramatic Club '53; Scholar '48, '49, '51.

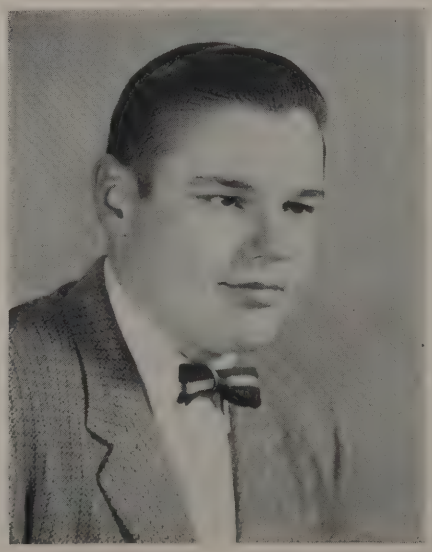
We caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue.
It is the impassioned expression which is the countenance of all science.

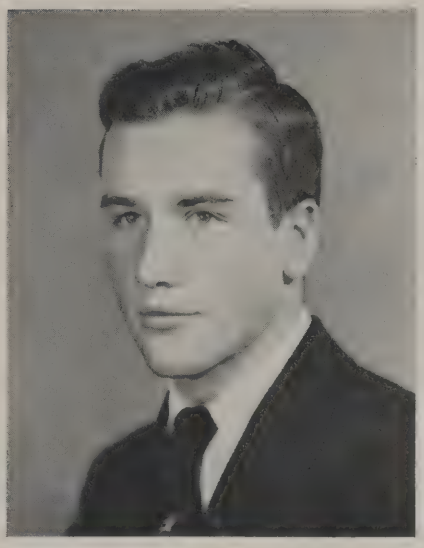


ARNOLD NEWTON SPURR
Southborough, Massachusetts

Basketball Manager '52, '53; Golf Team '51, '52, '53; *St. Marker* Board '53; Scientific Society '52, '53; Brotherhood of St. Andrew '53.

Let me have men about me that are fat.
If Bullet hunger, let him eat at home.



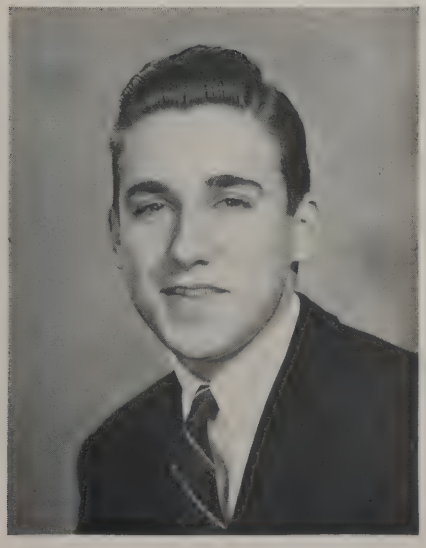


CHARLES STEEDMAN

Providence, Rhode Island

Monitor; Prefect; Football Team '52; Hockey Squad '52, Team '53; Baseball Squad '50, Team '51, '52, '53; *St. Marker* Board '52, Managing Editor '53; LION Board '53; *Vindex* Board '53; Brotherhood of St. Andrew '52, Co-Director '53; Vice-President Athletic Association; President of Fearing Club; Student Council '51, '52, Secretary '53; Librarian '51, '52; Brantwood Counsellor; Corinthian Debating Board '53; St. Mark's Scholar '48, '49, '50, '51, '52; Brantwood Store '50; Acolytes Guild '52, '53; *Cum Laude.*

If wishes were horses, beggars would ride and scholars would be athletes.



ROCH PATRICK SUPINO

Demarest, New Jersey

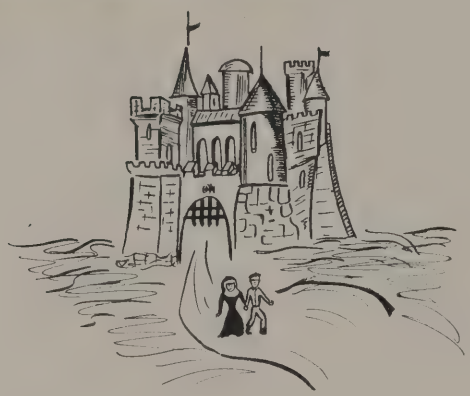
Soccer Squad '51, Team '52; Golf Team '53; *Vindex* Board '53; Choir-Glee Club '53; French Club Committee '53; Scientific Society '50, '51; Telephone Boy '52.

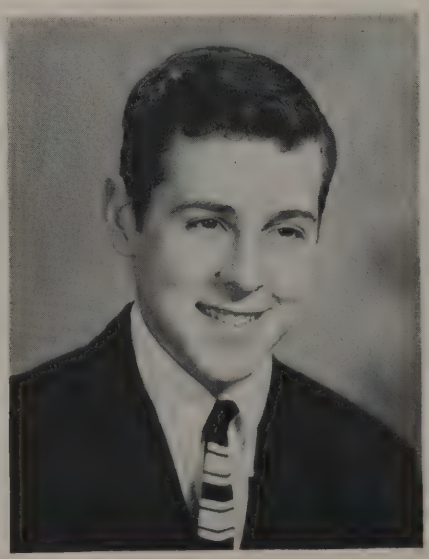
Whose hands were always too big for white kid gloves.

JOHN FREDERICK VANVRANKEN, JR.
Locust Valley, New York

Prefect; Soccer Team '52; Hockey Team '53; Golf Team '52, '53; *St. Marker* Board '53; Choir-Glee Club '48, '53; French Club '53; Dance Committee; Mail Boy '53; Bookstore Manager '51, '52; Brantwood Counsellor.

To say that you can love one person all your life is just like saying that one candle will continue burning as long as you live.





BAXTER KENNETH WALSH
Portland, Maine

Prefect; Football Squad '51, '52; Crew Squad '51, Team '52, '53; *Vindex* Board '53; Choir-Glee Club '52, '53; French Club '53; Junior Dramatic Club '50; Dramatic Club '53; Librarian '51, '52.

It is with our passions, as it is with fire and water, they are good servants but bad masters.

PETER WILLIAMSON

Chestertown, Maryland

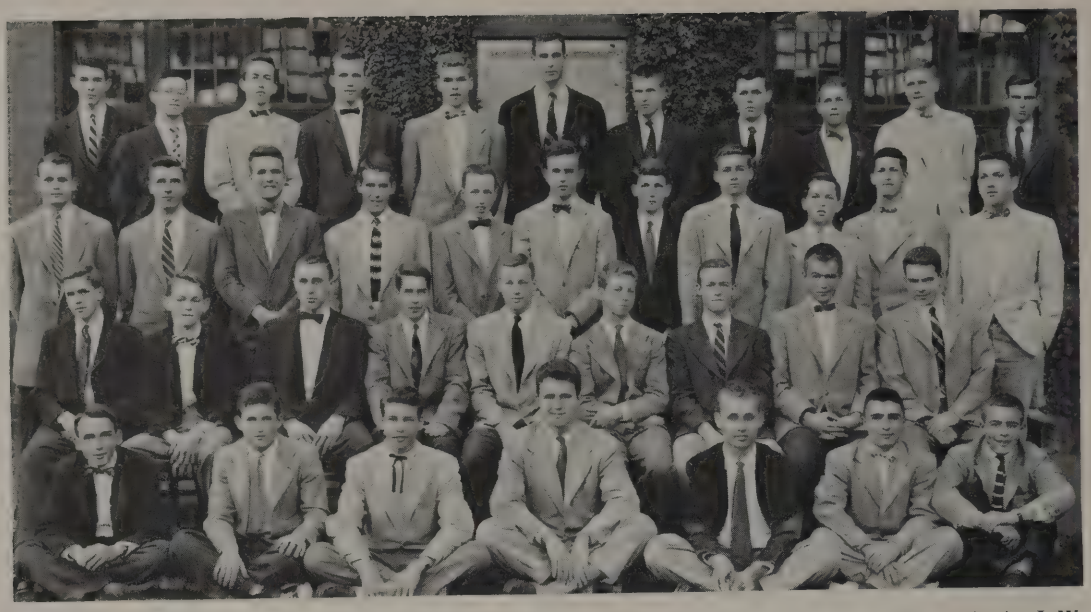
Prefect; Football Squad '51, Team '52; Wrestling Squad '52, Team '53; Crew Squad '52, Team '53; *St. Marker* Board '53; Editor-in-Chief *Vindex* '53; Brotherhood of St. Andrew '53; Choir-Glee Club '53; Scientific Society '51, '52, '53; Creative Writing Club '52; Debating Team '52, '53; Dramatic Club '53; Stage Crew; Mycenean Debating Board; Brantwood Counsellor; Telephone Boy '52; School Store Manager; Acolytes Guild '51, '52, '53.

He is idle that might be better employed.
Wit, be my faculty, and pleasure my occupation.

The Grass On the Other Side of the Fence Always Looks Greener

ROBERT BROWN: The wise call shoplifting merely conveying.
SWAYNE BYRD: Politics is perhaps the only profession for which no preparation is thought necessary.
HERBERT CALDWELL: I would not live here always: I ask not to stay.
HUGH COWARD: Where ignorance is bliss, 'Tis folly to be wise.
DWIGHT DAVIS: 'Tis not the drinking that is to be blamed, but the excess.
CHARLES GEE: There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.
MELVIN JOHNSON: The very hairs of your head are numbered.
ROBERT MCLALLEN: I came, I saw, I conquered.
CHARLES MERRIMAN: Oh, for a beaker full of the warm South.
MICHAEL MISSON: The rumble of a distant drum.
FREDERICK PIZZI: Opposition may become sweet to a man when he has christened it persecution.
RONALD ROTH: The greatest incitement to crime is the hope of escaping punishment.
RICHARD SEARS: Ignorance of the law excuses no man.
ARTHUR THOMAS: Speak softly but carry a big stick.
JOHN WHITE: Beneath the spreading chestnut tree, the village...
JOHN WISDOM: A highbrow is the kind of a person who looks at a sausage and thinks of himself.

FORMS



Carter, N., Wilson, Beal, Goodyear, D. L., Kunkel, Thompson, Wells, Poitras, E., Davis, Mortimer, Martin, J. W.
Leeson, Church, Pell, Goodyear, L., Sheffield, Carleton, Montgomery, Paul, Rogers, Moore, Gibbs, C.
Morgan, Mallory, Plumb, Tyson, Miner, Laidlaw, Curtis, J. N., Weymouth, Meachen
McConnell, Winthrop, Scarritt, Townsend, Whiting, Sarkisian, Wettlaufer

The Fifth Form

Striding forward as ever, the class of '54 passed through Form Five with comparatively few deviations from the usual straight and narrow path. Finally in a position of authority, we reluctantly found ourselves admitting that rules actually do serve a purpose, and the ruthless Fifth Forms we had known as members of the Lower School didn't seem quite so ruthless as they had appeared.

Sportswise, we contributed a Goodyear cousins' passing combination to the football team, and Rummy was chosen next year's captain. The coveted S.M. was realized in great quantity, as talk of next year's team became dinner conversation.

As expected, the scholastic burden of the Fifth Form, plus innumerable extracurricular activities, made the year a hard one. For a short time, nights were given a practical application as lower-form sinners found themselves shining '54 shoes. This procedure, unfortunately, drew frowns from the authorities and the practice was regretfully stopped.

In the course of the year we discovered cynicism and, after a full trial, dropped it; we increased our number by Hayden and Bob, who returned after a long leave of absence, from Texas, and Ted, from nearby Holliston. We sang in the octet, we reelected Ranny, we satirized the *St. Marker*, and we wrote messages on pillow cases. We had a party in New York. We were tough and we were casual.

But throughout all our activities an awareness that next year would culminate five years of striving caused us to take seriously those things which might not have received so much attention otherwise. Looking ahead to our Sixth-Form year might possibly be the last thing the class of '54 will earnestly look forward to for quite a time to come.

Garrison, Bullock, Anderson, Saunders, Ringgold, Turnbull, Porter, Meigs, Linsley, Smith, J., Kirk
Keane, Coolidge, Winsor, H., Palmer, F. M. Norris, Gibbs, J., Barth, Reid, Wolcott, Moseley, Sterling, Ketchum, Beckford
Horne, Hinkle, Ridder, Sweeney, Tuckerman, Grace, Henshaw, W., Darlington, Carlisle, J.
Levy, Fletcher, Bickerstaff, Jones, M. A., Lowe, Hare, T., Towers, Mushinski

The Fourth Form

"Da Pweel is back!" was the resounding cry of our form as we returned for our fourth year at St. Mark's. With a few gone to try their luck at other schools, '55 remained pretty much intact.

During the fall, Pum and Dan gave the form the distinction of placing two lettermen on the football team, while Gene, Tom, and Tuck excelled in soccer.

However, our class was noted for other things besides athletic ability. For instance, a certain scientific member of the form was rumored to have drafted into his harem a defunct outcast of the biology lab. Also, as vacation drew nigh, an esteemed gentleman from Canada released a "shining" production to the strains of *La Marsellaise.* The curtain rose, revealing a sultry beauty lounging enticingly on a divan. As the play progressed, it became apparent....

When the holidays ended, we had two starters on the frustrated quintet. Though shaky on skates himself, the pedagogue of 4A French thought Pum's and Rump's skating deserved merit, so the two were the starting J.V. defense when the hockey season began. Hally was Mr. Coe's pride and joy on the wrestling team, while Flangus was among the first on the fives ladder with Izzy hot on his tail.

Other, more dubious activities were transpiring. With the temperature hovering around zero on a raw and wintry night, three bundled figures were seen descending Rump's private exit, marking the first gathering of the Sanity Club.

The dread disease of Fourth-Form-itis was very virulent and corridor brawls were not uncommon; however, the venerable Father managed to keep the majority of our pagan society away from the paths of iniquity, and we finished the year successfully.

Nelson, Herrera, Wickes, Wendt, Colloredo, Warriner, Peters, Rowland, Bacon, Palo, Brewster, Beach, Coxhead
Alexander, Nourse, Stanton, Stevens, Arndt, Sargent, Crocker, D., Roosevelt, Crocker, C., Guiler, Coudert, Goodyear, D., Mackall, Jones, M. H., Walter, Schulze,
Johnston, Palmer, P., Carlisle, C., Martin, W., Wand, Jenkins, Pettit, Strawbridge, Crawford, Newman
Spalding, Jackson, J. G., Hare, H., Carle, Fenno, Wooten, Duer, Streibert, Parr

The Third Form

On returning in the fall, we found our form riddled with new kids, who, to our surprise, soon dominated the class, even on the football field. Moose upheld the form as its sole member of the varsity while Dan and Luddy floundered on the J.V.'s. The majority of the form played on Captain Perry's seniors, or on the juniors. In soccer, a few slaved away on lower Belmont under Mr. Harrington's supervision.

Dorm B turned out to be "Hacker Haven," and one day all woke up in a shower of dried corn kernels, the supply of which seemed to be coming from the alcove of Blimey Limey. Dorm E was comparatively quiet except for the incessant babble from Rudy and Pogo throughout the whole night.

In the second term, a certain select clique was formed, by the name of "The Rocks," an organization with the purpose of cleaning up hacking in Dorm B.

In hockey, the form supplied the J.V. with Dan, Perry, Roddy, Dave, Mac, and Fils. The third squad with Captain Barney, Shell, Brooks, Sarge, and Nick, received its share of the form, as did the J.V.'s and Mr. Carey's third-squad basketball team.

Dollars kept rolling into Brantwood; while the "Blue and White" under its co-editors, Ears Wendt and perfectionist Fenno, was forever trying to scoop the *St. Marker*, but with little or no success. The form showed promise in dramatics as the Lower School plays starred Bill and Doug. In the spring, the form showed itself excellent in baseball. The majority of the class played on their respective clubs, while some played tennis.

The year was fun, but tough; and our only hope is that next year will end as happily.

Williams, Lanier, Downs, Potter, Ireland, Dilworth, Winsor, C., Schuster, Poitras, J., Collier, Devereux
Ingalls, Henshaw, R., Haythe, Fenton, Nickerson, Van Nagell, Fisher, Curtis, J. A., Akin, Harvey, C. D., Buckley, Fahnestock, Michel, Brown
Hall, J., Howarth, J., Harvey, C. W., Smith, D. H., Sculley, Avis, Park, Farmer, Suydam,

The Second Form

The '52-'53 banquet started with thirty-four boys sitting around the table. Of these, twenty-one were new boys and thirteen were old members.

The first course was the football season of which Williams, Buckley, Avis, and Ingalls ate heartily. Along with this course came soccer which was divided into four sub-courses.

The second course was term exams which many boys digested badly, but which Haythe, Henshaw, and Suydam gobbled up.

The third course was winter sports, consisting of hockey, wrestling and basketball. Buckley gorged himself with the latter, making the third squad, J.V.'s and for a short but glorious time the Varsity.

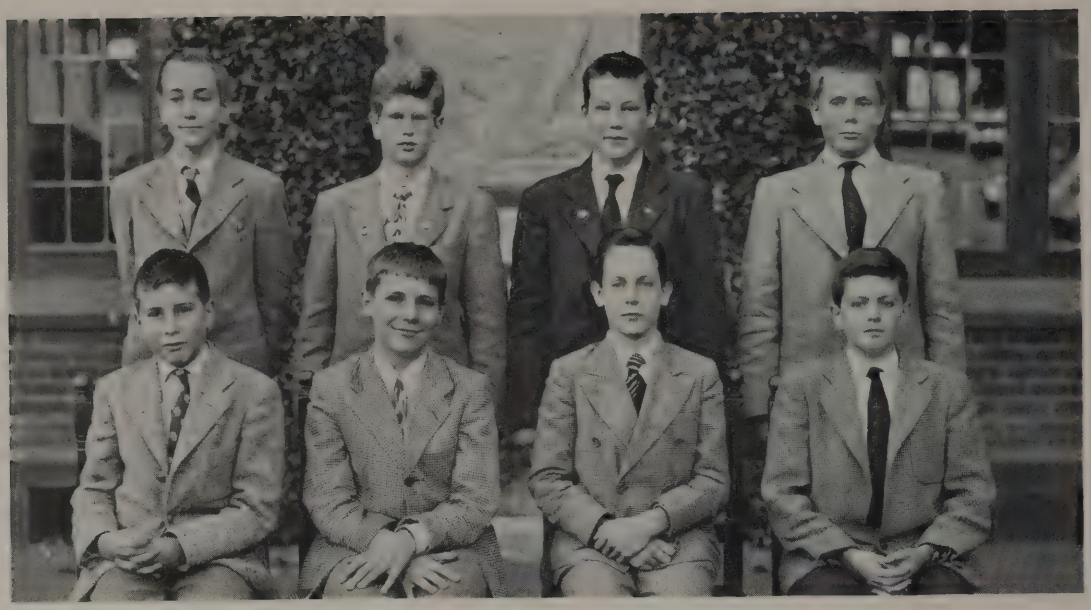
The dinner entertainment came in the form of dramatics in which Fenton starred by getting a lead in the lower school plays and a part in the school production of *Of Thee I Sing*. Served with the main course were miscellaneous hors d'oeuvres such as Automotive Engineering and the Scientific Society. Devereaux ate heartily of engines while Winsor stuffed himself under the direction of Mr. Avis.

The hors d'oeuvres were followed by a course in spring sports. Harvey went out for Cox and did well while the rest of the form played baseball.

During dinner we found ourselves throwing butter and squirting water; but as the banquet progressed we either learned to behave ourselves or the masters found ways to curb our bad habits.

Dessert brought exams which everyone devoured diligently, and we soon found ourselves in summer vacation.

Since past banquets have proved profitable and enjoyable, we are all looking forward to those in the future.



Jackson, R., Cunningham, Van Winkle, Shaw, W.
Ferrebee, Radsch, Barber, Garces

The First Form

We, the class of '58, looking back over the past year, think that it was a great success. We shall never forget the form ball games in the cage, the dorm feasts at which everyone thoroughly enjoyed himself, the dang-blasted new kid buzzer, and the sleepless nights when the homework had not been finished. Jackson never stopped talking about his wonderful snakes and antiques. "Mr." Barber thought that hockey was definitely the winter sport even though the weather was never exactly right. Van Winkle's, "Wanna sell it?—How much?—No, geeze, I didn't mean it," and the ferocious cries from Shaw, "Put up your dukes, I'll meet you in the gym after rest period" provided the excitement for the year. Pete Ferrebee (the silent hard-working type) and Dick Radsch, who was always cracking "funny" jokes, were always in the group.

Football claimed the entire form in the fall sports picture. Jack Phelan did a wonderful job at end position and will, no doubt, continue to play good football in the years to come. Armando Garces, a soccer player from South America, deceived us by turning his talents to football and becoming an outstanding tackle on the Midgets.

Hockey dominated the winter sports scene with but two members of the form preferring Mr. Carey's basketball squad. In the spring, baseball was chosen by the great majority of the form though a few went out for crew.

And now as we leave the first phase of our life at St. Mark's behind, we sincerely hope that the five years ahead will bring as much enjoyment as the first year has. With a good nucleus to build on, there is no reason to believe that we shall not achieve our wish.

ATHLETICS

The Captains

WINTER CAPTAINS
Douglas, Howarth, E., Beveridge

FALL AND SPRING CAPTAINS
Akers, Harvey, F. H., Creel

FOOTBALL

J. R. CREEL
Captain

E. E. HOWARTH
Coach

E. E. HOWARTH, JR.
Manager

THE SCHEDULE

St. Mark's	13	Noble and Greenough	0
St. Mark's	7	Boston Latin	19
St. Mark's	7	Belmont Hill	26
St. Mark's	25	Middlesex	7
St. Mark's	7	Milton	6
St. Mark's	0	Governor Dummer	19
St. Mark's	27	Groton	12

FOOTBALL SQUAD

Alexander, Sherwood, Curtis, J. N., Wettlaufer, Kunkel, Plumb, Miner, Leeson, Loudon, Bullock, Anderson, Beveridge
Mr. Howarth, Douglas, Walsh, Church, Coe, Harvey, F. H., Thompson, Smiddy, Hall, R., Goodyear, D. L., Saunders, Quarton, Howarth, E., (*Manager*), Mr. McCandless
Reeves, Shaw, J., Rankin, Akers, Creel, Goodyear, L., Gilmor, Williamson, Steedman

The Season

Climaxed by a win over Groton, the 1952 season with its total of four wins and three defeats must be considered a successful one. Included in the four victories were wins over Milton and Middlesex, thus marking 1952 as the first year in four that we have won all three traditional encounters.

Despite a fairly potent Groton offense, successful conversions by extra-point specialist Fred Harvey put us in a relatively safe position throughout the nerve-tingling Groton game. A sustained drive featured by Captain Creel's 18-yard scoring thrust around end early in the first quarter gave us a lead we never relinquished.

A short pass from Saunders to Rummy Goodyear for the second score of the afternoon was offset by a Grottie march on a series of short bucks which resulted in a touchdown, and the half ended with St. Mark's ahead, 14-6.

Early in the third period, Rummy Goodyear hit his cousin Dave with a touchdown pass, and after Groton had once again pulled to within striking distance, Andy Rankin took a Saunders' pass in the end zone to sew up the game for St. Mark's, 27-12.

The 1952 season had started off auspiciously with a 13-0 triumph over Nobles. Countless times we were stalled inside the opponents' twenty, but in the fourth quarter Captain Creel finally broke loose to score on two long runs. Our defense was superb, holding Nobles to a net gain of only six yards. A far too fast and rugged Boston Latin eleven overpowered us, 19 to 7, in our second game.

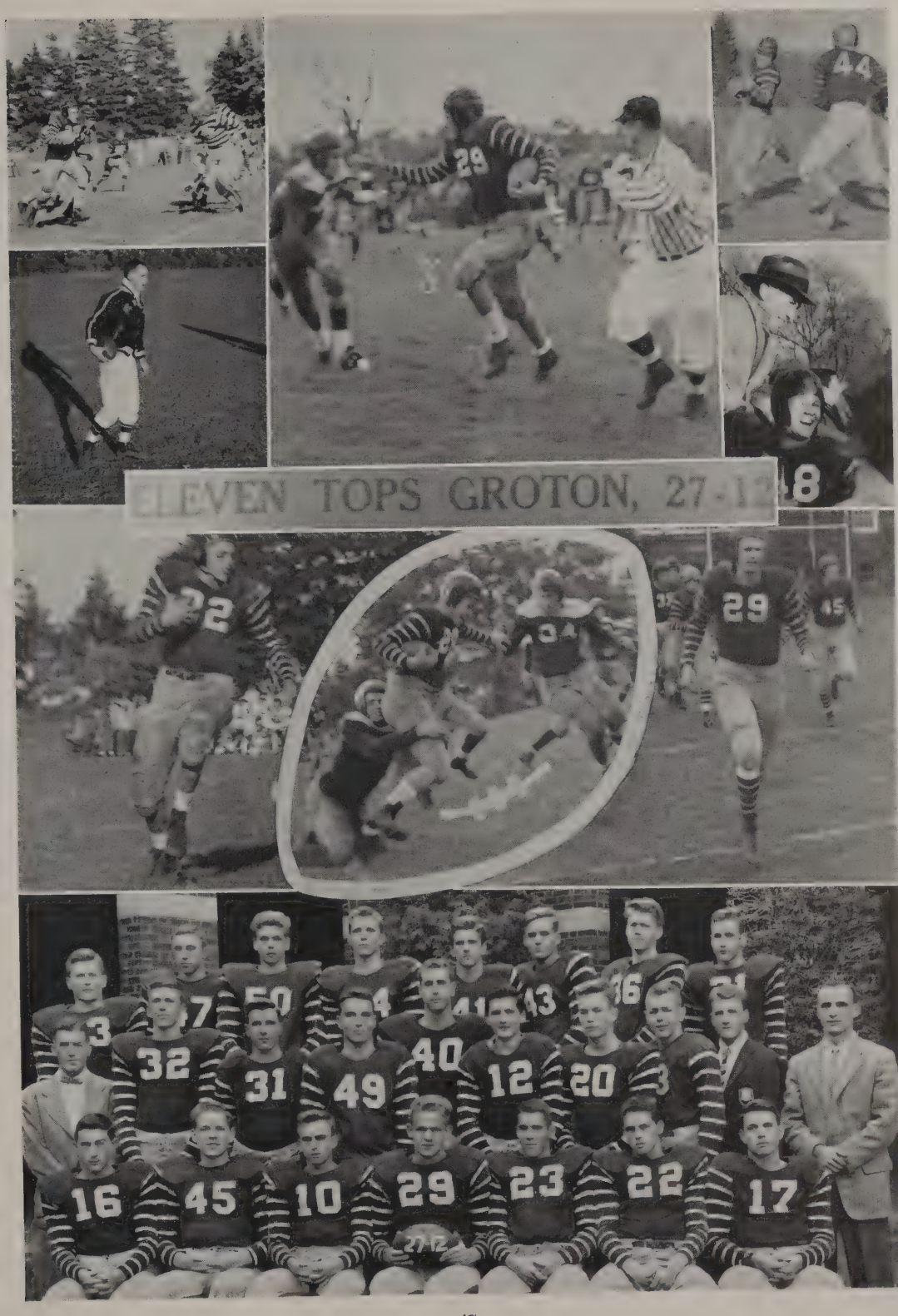
The Belmont Hill game was a disappointment, for a comparatively weak team beat us easily, 26-7. A few changes proved beneficial as we whipped Middlesex, 25-7, and Milton, 7-6, on successive Saturdays. St. Mark's pushed to the Milton four-yard line in the first half but failed to tally; the half ended in a scoreless tie. Late in the third period the Goodyears clicked on a long pass for the first score of the afternoon, and Fred Harvey kicked what later proved to be the winning point. Milton came back to score with about two minutes remaining in the game, but tried a pass for the extra point which was batted down by Church.

A badly played first half against our next opponents, undefeated Governor Dummer, caused our 19-0 defeat.

There will be eight lettermen back next year to form the nucleus of what could be another successful season, but many reserves must come up from the J.V. to round out the squad.

My sincere thanks go to Mr. McCandless for his invaluable assistance in developing the squad potential and putting it in good condition.

Ernest E. Howarth


ELEVEN TOPS GROTON, 27-1
3
32
31
49
40
12
20
16
45
10
29
23
22
17

HOCKEY

A. J. BEVERIDGE
Captain

W. W. BARBER, JR.
Coach

L. A. CARTER
Manager

THE SCHEDULE

St. Mark's	2	Harvard Freshmen	14
St. Mark's	2	Lawrenceville	1
St. Mark's	4	Governor Dummer	2
St. Mark's	0	Andover	1
St. Mark's	1	Milton	2
St. Mark's	12	Browne and Nichols	1
St. Mark's	3	St. Sebastian's	2
St. Mark's	2	Noble and Greenough	2
St. Mark's	7	Middlesex	1
St. Mark's	0	Belmont Hill	3
St. Mark's	2	Brooks	1
St. Mark's	5	Framingham	3

HOCKEY SQUAD

Morrell, Pell, Leeson, Paul, Sherwood
Mr. Barber, Plumb, Loudon, Shaw, VanVranken, Goodyear, L., Carter (*Manager*)
Reeves, Creel, Church, Beveridge, Harvey, Rankin, Steedman

The Season

The team of 1953 was a good one, and all things considered, we enjoyed a happy winter with more outdoor ice than usual and with the usual warm camaraderie and sportsmanship that have been very much a part of St. Mark's hockey for many years. The players will agree with me that our one real regret is the 2-1 defeat at the hands of a mediocre Milton team. Unquestionably we played our best hockey on successive days just before midyear exams—in the tie against a strong Nobles team and in the overwhelming defeat of a good Middlesex team. Belmont Hill was far too fast and too deep for us, and if it had not been for the excellent goal-tending of Steedman, substituting for the ill Reeves, the score would have been much more one-sided than it was. Yes, with the exception of the one disappointment mentioned above, the record is perhaps even a little better than we had a right to expect, considering the unusually fast competition in the league and the lack of speed on our own squad. The mistakes we made were largely those of commission rather than omission. Every rival coach commented on the hard, aggressive hockey we played, and while personally I would have liked even more hustle from the squad, I do think that what success we did have was the result of fighting determination and intelligent team-play.

The first line of Church, Beveridge, and Harvey played particularly intelligent hockey; the second line of Goodyear, Sherwood, and Plumb was well above average in all departments; the defense of Creel and Rankin was tough and tireless; and the goal-guarding of Reeves was steady all season and often, but particularly against Andover and Lawrenceville, brilliant.

The highlights of the season? We remember Captain Beveridge's four goals on hard low shots against a hapless Browne and Nichols team. We certainly should record the fact that Church made

at least one goal in eight out of the nine games in which we scored any points at all. Though I was not present to witness the performance, every one who was there will remember the "hat trick" of three goals scored by Goodyear against St. Sebastian's which won the game for us, 3-2. I would record my own opinion that Sherwood and Pell were the two players who improved the most during the winter. Harvey's whiz-shot, one of the best in the league, certainly deserves mention. To me the phenomenon of the season was Rankin's realization that studies are more important even than athletics, and his voluntary decision to give up hockey for ten days in mid-season to study for exams—a decision, I might add, accepted by the coach without hesitation though very definitely with mixed emotions. Finally, but not by any means least, we all remember Creel's regular pre-game resolutions, probably sincere and all punctuated with emphatic wags of the head, to avoid penalties of every kind, the regular stints served by this gentleman in the cooler in every single game of the season, and the fitting climax in the final period of the final game, when after a whistle and a referee's wave of the hand Randy skated over to his own bench, apologized to his coach, skated head down across the rink to the penalty box to be informed, to the delight of both squads, that the penalty concerned only his opponent.

The squad will, I am sure, agree with me that Beveridge made a great captain and has the lasting respect and affection of all of us who played and worked with him this winter.

As a nucleus for 1954, Captain-elect Church will have from this year's squad two experienced and able wings in Goodyear and Plumb, two hard-working defensemen in Pell and Leeson, and a good goalie in Paul, a nucleus which should be bolstered by several players from a strong J. V. team, which should continue to supply good players in future years.

The coach is glad to have this opportunity to salute the sixth-formers on this year's squad. Our happy memories will I know cement our mutual life-long friendships.

W. W. Barber, Jr.

BASKETBALL

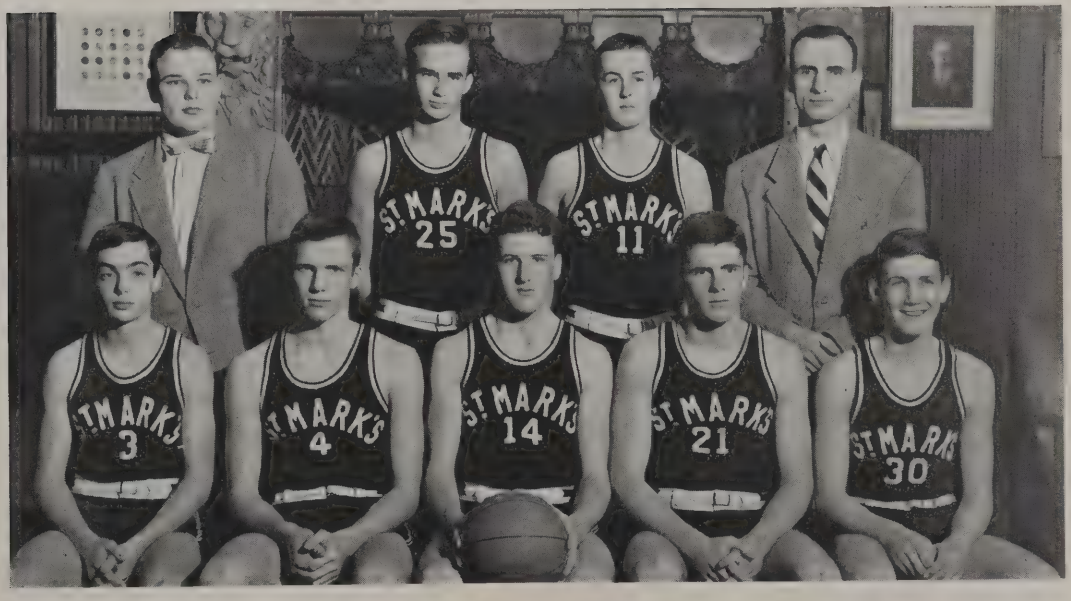
E. E. HOWARTH, JR.
Captain

J. L. McCANDLESS
Coach

A. N. SPURR
Manager

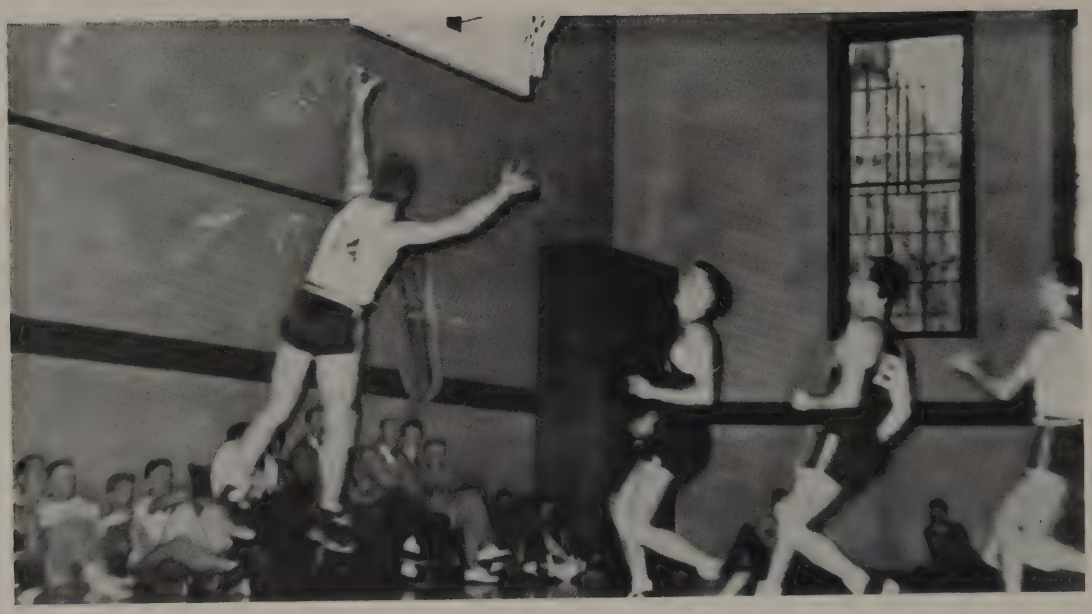
THE SCHEDULE

St. Mark's	28	Browne and Nichols	41
St. Mark's	34	Noble and Greenough	47
St. Mark's	37	Middlesex	44
St. Mark's	43	Belmont Hill	48
St. Mark's	47	Milton	70
St. Mark's	50	St. George's	44
St. Mark's	35	Middlesex	56
St. Mark's	41	Brooks	38
St. Mark's	39	Milton	43
St. Mark's	37	Brooks	39
St. Mark's	33	St. Sebastian's	40
St. Mark's	67	Noble and Greenough	66
St. Mark's	42	Wellesley	47
St. Mark's	31	Belmont Hill	29
St. Mark's	42	Pomfret	67



BASKETBALL TEAM

Spurr (*Manager*), Sweeney, Ringgold, Mr. McCandless
Tuckerman, Goodyear, D. L., Howarth, Saunders, Montgomery



The Season

The basketball season was somewhat of a disappointment for St. Mark's fans. A look at the overall record shows a four-win and eleven-loss count. There was one pleasant note, however, in the fact that seven players were awarded letters at the close of the season. Of these, six will return next year, led by their newly elected captain, Dave Goodyear.

A breakdown of the season shows three wins and seven losses in league competition. Against non-league opponents we won but one game in five attempts.

From a coach's point of view, the season had far more gratifying aspects than our won-and-lost record would suggest. The team as a group, and as individuals, improved immensely over the course of the season. More specifically, in our first meetings with Milton, Belmont Hill, and Noble and Greenough, we were unable to garner a win. Our second match with the two latter schools saw the Lion on the long end of both scores. The league champion, Milton, took us in our first encounter, 70-47; two weeks later, however, we were able to hold Milton to a 43-39 win. The game was a seesaw battle and we were in contention all the way.

Along with the thrilling 67-66 victory over Noble and Greenough, and the win over Belmont Hill, our forces defeated Brooks, 41-38, and St. George's, 50-44.

There were several other high spots to the season which deserve particular mention. Following our first victory against Brooks, we met the same team on their court. An extra period was necessary to settle this skirmish, and unfortunately our opponents emerged with a 39-37 win. Three days later, we again invaded a foreign court to meet St. Sebastian's, and once again the Lion matched a strong St. Sebastian five for four periods. Another overtime was necessary in which we failed to overcome our extra-period jinx, losing the contest by a 40-33 score.

The St. Mark's five gave their finest

performance of the year in their 67-66 win at the expense of Noble and Greenough. Roger Tuckerman, Dave Goodyear and Dan Saunders were particularly outstanding, as they scored eighteen, sixteen, and fifteen points respectively. This was a genuine team win, as Pete Ringgold, Tom Sweeney, Gus Alexander, and Bob Montgomery all gave very steady support to the previously mentioned high scorers.

Attention should also be called to the satisfying score our quintet turned in against St. George's. Captain Howarth led his mates to another "team win" as Dave Goodyear, Bob Montgomery, and Roger Tuckerman piled up a total of thirty-eight points. As we recall incidents and highlights of the past season, we especially remember Pete Ringgold's two quick field goals in the closing moments of our first meeting with Brooks, which clinched a close battle for the Lion.

A detailed breakdown of our season reveals that we allowed our opponents an average of forty-eight points a game, and we were able to score an average of forty points ourselves. This forty-eight-point average in modern-day basketball speaks well of the team's defensive ability. Our basic weakness seemed to be the absence of one consistent scorer, a weakness which faded as the season progressed. With a season of fifteen games behind them, the six returning lettermen cannot help but feel that the LION review of next year's season will record a reversal in the won-lost ratio. A Junior Varsity which won eight out of ten games this year will undoubtedly send support to the Varsity in the future.

I would like to express my sincere appreciation to Captain Howarth and Manager Spurr for their whole-hearted cooperation. To the Captain and to the team I here record my thanks for their undying perseverance and courage, traits all assuring success in 1954. J. L. MCCANDLESS

WRESTLING

J. G. DOUGLAS
Captain

D. E. COE
Coach

THE SCHEDULE

St. Mark's	22	Milton	8
St. Mark's	20	Wellesley High	18
St. Mark's	22	Needham High	8
St. Mark's	36	Governor Dummer	3
St. Mark's	25	Browne and Nichols	8
St. Mark's	33	Perkins Institute	8
St. Mark's	22	Noble and Greenough	11
St. Mark's	29	Brooks	6

WRESTLING TEAM

Mr. Coe, Williamson, Quarton, Kean, Wells, Gilmor, Poitras (*Manager*)
Towers, Winthrop, Douglas, Musgrave, Haskins

The Season

We started the season with eight returning lettermen and naturally expected to offer considerable opposition to our eight opponents. The undefeated season which resulted, however, was far beyond the most optimistic early winter prediction.

From the 115-pound class to the unlimited division, we were a strong team. Though boasting few really outstanding wrestlers, we had no weak position on the squad. Each first-team member could be expected to defeat any wrestler on a rival team who was not considerably above average. This fine overall balance served us to good advantage as the record shows. For eight matches we amassed a total of 216 points against only 67 for our opponents.

We got off to a good start with a surprisingly easy win over normally powerful Milton, who had won the New England title the year before. This was followed by our toughest match of the season, against Wellesley High, in which we barely eked out a 21-18 victory. Our old nemesis, Needham High, was next, and, though most of the matches were close, the outcome was never in serious doubt as we won handily.

Governor Dummer and Brooks in succession fell easy prey to our spirited wrestlers, scoring a total of only nine points while we were rolling up 65. Midyear exams did not seem to affect us much as we reeled off two more clean-cut victories over Browne and Nichols and Perkins in that order. The final dual meet of the year brought us up against only-once-beaten Noble and Greenough. In impressive style, we set them down, 22-11, and thus finished the season without a defeat.

Tom Towers, Story Musgrave, Captain-elect Johnny Winthrop and Captain Gordon Douglas all went through the season without a defeat, and Bob Gilmor dropped only one match. Also making

impressive performances were Tim Haskins, Dana Wells, Tom Kean, Pete Williamson, and Dave Quarton.

We sent a somewhat plague-ridden team into the New England Interscholastics in which there were entered 126 wrestlers representing twenty schools competing in the various divisions. Competition is always keen in this tournament, and the team with a few exceptional wrestlers will usually score well. Since we did not have very many boys of outstanding ability, it was no surprise that we did not finish as well as might be expected of an undefeated team. Except for Johnny Winthrop and Bob Gilmor, all our entries were eliminated in the first or second rounds. Both John and Bob lasted until the finals but were finally outfought by excellent opponents. The nine points which these boys earned between them gave us a tie for seventh place.

We shall have three lettermen returning next year, Tom Towers, Dana Wells, and Captain-elect John Winthrop. These three boys, plus a number of squad members who will have had wrestling experience, should provide a nucleus around which a reasonably strong team can be built.

It is difficult to predict the future of wrestling at St. Mark's. We continue to hold our own so far as numbers are concerned. However, many of our wrestlers come out for this sport only for the exercise, not for competition. There is no objection to this so-called "recreation wrestling" except that the number of wrestlers available for the team is not as high as it should be. There are three factors which seem to deter the number of aspirants: 1) little or no contact with the sport before entering St. Mark's; 2) the popularity of hockey and, to some extent, basketball, and 3) parental pressure to avoid wrestling, possibly because of misinformation resulting from television. If we can interest younger boys and keep the present number on our squad, we should do well. But if we are forced to draw upon upper-formers, we can not expect to offer as strong opposition to our opponents year after year as we have done for the past five years.

D. E. Coe

BASEBALL

M. AKERS
Captain

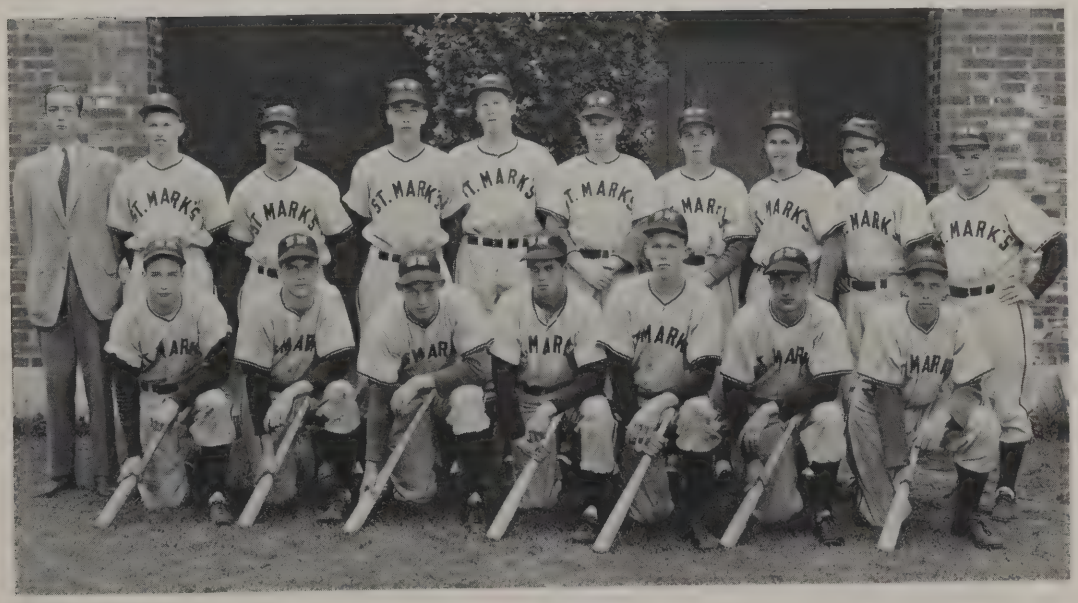
E. E. HOWARTH
Head Coach

F. E. ULEN
Assistant Coach

D. W. SCUDDER
Manager

THE SCHEDULE

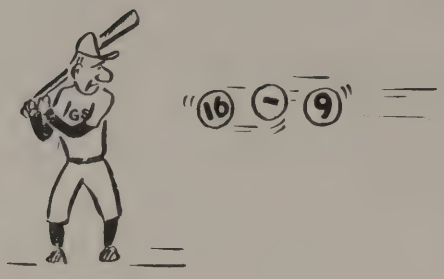
St. Mark's	0	St. Sebastian's	3
St. Mark's	6	Boston Latin	5
St. Mark's	6	Milton	5
St. Mark's	3	Roxbury Latin	9
St. Mark's	0	Belmont Hill	1
St. Mark's	1	Noble and Greenough	3
St. Mark's	3	Middlesex	7
St. Mark's	7	Governor Dummer	3
St. Mark's	3	Pomfret	4
St. Mark's	4	Brooks	0
St. Mark's	16	Groton	9



BASEBALL TEAM

Scudder, Palmer, F. M., Goodyear, L., Berthelsen, Douglas, Bullock, Montgomery, Morgan, Hall, R., Mr. Howarth
Steedman, Saunders, Creel, Akers, Sherwood, Church, Davis

The Season



Once in a while this spring, the St. Mark's baseball team showed the flashes of brilliance that had led us to the league title last year. These occasional bright spots were, unfortunately, only occasional, and 1953 was not a winning year. However, although the extra base hit that means victory was often conspicuous by its absence, a won-lost record of five and six, when it includes a smashing 16-9 win over Groton, is nothing to be ashamed of.

Instead of the usual question mark which is generally present in the pitching department, we were blessed with three capable hurlers this season. Captain Akers, winner over Groton, was ably supported by Morgan Palmer and Rufus Bullock. Frequently all three would get the call in a single game, as against Brooks, when each pitched three innings of shut-out ball.

As a receiver, John Davis was all that could be desired. In addition to his stellar defensive play, John's long ball hitting, especially at the end of the season, was of particular note. He will be a valuable member of next year's team both as catcher and captain-elect.

Defensively, there could be few complaints lodged against our infield. Tim Sherwood, playing his second season as varsity third baseman, made only two errors in eleven games. Charlie Steedman, converted backstop, capably filled the shoes of "Hoss" Hamlen in the field and led the team in hitting with an average of .385. Gerry Church at second and Danny Saunders at first performed capably enough and should provide a very strong nucleus for our infield next season.

Right field was held down by Randy Creel, whose drive and occasional long ball were instrumental in several of our victories. The left-field post was shared by Morgan, Goodyear and Hall. Both Morgan and Goodyear will be with us next year with a year of varsity experience behind them.

Captain Mike Akers, in center field when not on the mound, is in a large part responsible for what success we may have achieved this season. His truly inspirational leadership and burning desire to win made him a great captain.

The question may arise: Why did we not win more games? Of course, it is hard to say, but perhaps this failure can be attributed to a lack of baseball instinct. We were in every game we played to the last out, and a throw to the right base or a clutch hit could have turned a mediocre record into a winning one.

With a good nucleus of seven returning lettermen led by Captain-elect Davis, there is no reason why a winning season and another triumph over Groton cannot be achieved.

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CREW

F. H. HARVEY
Captain

D. S. M. LANIER
Head Coach

W. E. GACCON
Assistant Coach

L. S. THOMPSON
Manager

CREW FIRST BOAT
Harvey, F. H., Townsend, Rankin, Kunkel
McConnell

CREW SQUAD

Mr. Lanier, Miner, Wells, Garrison, Goodyear, D. L., Turnbull, Wettlaufer, Thompson
Williamson, Townsend, Kunkel, Harvey, F. H., Rankin, Walsh
Harvey, W. C., McConnell, Jackson, J. G.

The Season

As was the case in 1950, the squad this year was not large. Even before the season started, it was clear that only twelve oarsmen would be competing for places on the first three boats. It was even plainer that for seats on the first two boats, competition lay among only eight members of the squad. Captain Fred Harvey and Dave Goodyear, being the only two lettermen returning from last year's squad, were sure to be included. The other six were drawn mostly from third and fourth boats of the previous year.

Our first race found Fred Harvey stroking the second boat. It had been supposed that this would be the first boat but, since the crews had been able to take to the water this season only seven times before the opening race, there was little opportunity to find out what was what. In a time trial the day before the race, Harvey's boat came in second, and so they rowed second boat against South Kent and Gunnery in a triangle meeting at South Kent on April 25th. Behind Harvey were Tony Townsend at number three, Dave Goodyear at two, and Lewis Kunkel at bow, and they rowed well enough to win their race. The first boat, stroked by Andy Rankin, with Pete Williamson at three, Ranny Miner at two, and Baxter Walsh at bow, managed to beat Gunnery but lost to South Kent. The conditions for this race were excellent, but the times were slow, for none of the contending crews had had sufficient time for conditioning.

In an attempt to discover a combination that might be more effective as a first crew for our next race, three and bow in Rankin's boat changed places with their opposite members in Harvey's boat. But when these new boats lost to Noble and Greenough, and Brooks the following Saturday, it was obvious that further experiments were in order. Andy

Rankin was moved to number two in Harvey's boat, and Dave Goodyear started in as stroke in the other.

The result of this shift was at first to give the crew now comprised of Harvey, Townsend, Rankin, and Kunkel a decided edge over Goodyear, Williamson, Miner, and Walsh. This situation continued for a week, and when we raced Pomfret on May 9, the second and third boats suffered disheartening losses. The first boat, however, after a slow start, managed to make a real race of it, losing by something less than half a length. In fact they did well enough, considering that they had been together only a week, to suggest that, allowed sufficient time for conditioning, they might develop into a capable crew.

Unfortunately, this promise was not fulfilled. Actually Goodyear's boat was the one to improve, to the point where it won the right to row against Belmont Hill on the 16th as the first boat. They lost this race by a narrow margin, after third and second boats had also been defeated decisively.

During the last week one further change was effected. Harvey went to two and Rankin took over stroke in the second boat, with the expectation that the exchange would enable this boat again to make progress. However, Goodyear's crew managed to win the important time trial, so we came to the Regatta with his boat again rowing number one.

The results at Quinsigamond were better than expected. In the first heat our second boat lost to Exeter, and Browne and Nichols, but defeated Belmont Hill and Choate. In the afternoon in the consolation race for second place fours, the St. Mark's crew came in first, defeating South Kent, Belmont Hill, Salisbury, Choate, and three unidentified starters. The first boat came in third in the morning heat, losing to Browne and Nichols, and Exeter again, but defeating Choate and Gunnery.

Captain Fred Harvey deserves congratulations for continuing hard work, even when things looked most discouraging, and the squad, as is always the case, is grateful for the help of Mr. Gaccon and Mr. Adams. Acting Manager Thompson and his assistant rendered very capable service throughout the season.

D. S. Lanier

SOCCER SQUAD

Winthrop, Davis, Wells, Weymouth, Carter, N., Tuckerman, Turnbull, Garrison, Armstrong, Palmer, F. M.
Mr. Gaccon, Sarkisian, (*Manager*), Scott, Laidlaw, Berthelsen, Pell, Morgan, Beal, Martin, Legoretta, Mr. Wiseman
Grace, Paul, Haskins, Morrell, Supino, Edwards, Carter, L. A., Ballande, Kean, Van Vranken

Soccer

Blessed by good weather and enthusiasm, the 1952 soccer team did very well. In compiling a record of seven wins, two defeats, and one tie, they provided their opponents with some stout opposition and gave themselves pleasure and, incidentally, second place in the league.

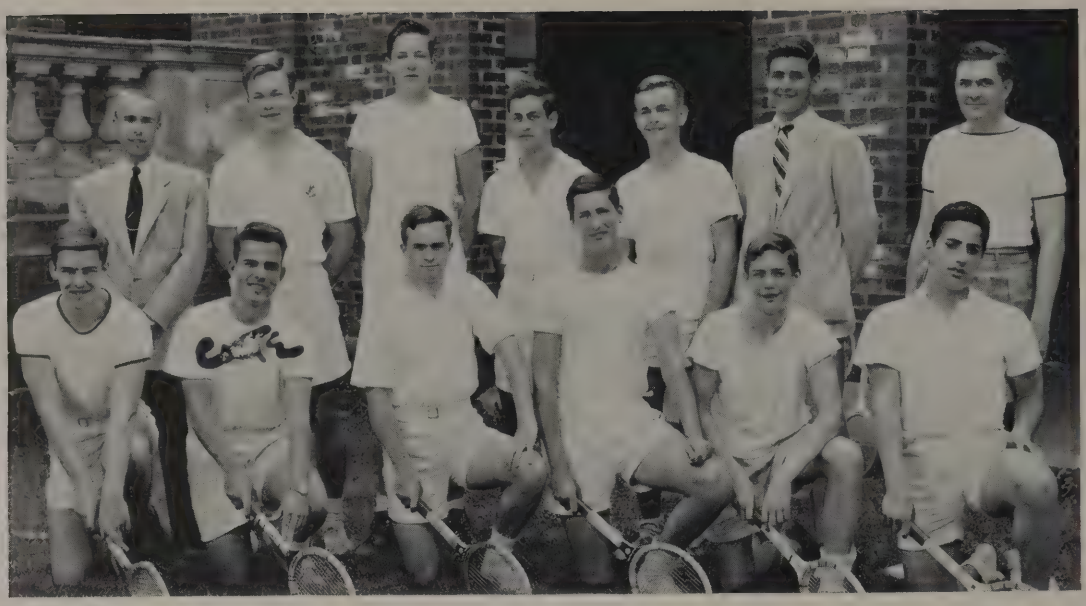
As a team, they were not particularly fast, but as the season progressed, their tackling and passing steadily improved; they became quicker to seize opportunities. Leading the list of high scorers were the two inside forwards, Averell Carter with nine points and Morrell with six. Throughout the season, both showed themselves hard workers who gave the line some much-needed confidence.

The halfbacks, with Captain Edwards at center and Supino on the right, were very capable. They checked the opposition effectively and provided strong support for the forwards. The fullbacks were at times known to mis-kick (Kean's speed was an advantage on such occasions), but they worked tirelessly and despite the loss of Haskins during the latter half of the season, they provided Berthelsen, who played an excellent game in goal, with sound protection.

In the majority of matches the team consistently exhibited a heartening quality: they were not afraid to come from behind to win, even down to the final game of the year with Groton, a tribute to the stamina and spirit of the boys.

Finally, a word of praise to Sarkisian, the most efficient of managers. Also a word of thanks to Mr. Wiseman and Mr. Harrington, who gave unsparingly of their time and knowledge; a word of congratulation to Edwards, whose example was a lesson to the younger players; to the younger players, a word of encouragement; and to all, the thanks of the coaches for whom they provided so many pleasant afternoons.

William E. Gaccon



TENNIS TEAM

Mr. Harrington, Gilmor, Armstrong, Edwards, Ridder, Hutchins, Mr. Badger
Kean, Schilling, Haskins, Moore, Scott, Levy

The Season

The tennis team, composed of co-captains Peter Moore and Tim Haskins and bolstered by veterans Kean, Levy, and Scott and returnee Schilling, commenced its season auspiciously with victories in its first five matches. Included was a win over arch-rival Milton, 6-3, a match much closer than the score would indicate and featured by a 2½-hour singles win by Tom Kean (who never believes in winning in a mere two sets).

The first reversal came at the hands of a strong Harvard Freshman aggregation composed of many former prep-school stars, 8-1. Pete Moore salvaged the team's point by defeating Harris, ex-Milton star, while Haskins, Kean and Schilling carried their opponents to three sets.

The team lost a tough encounter with Governor Dummer on Alumni Day, 5-4. The Hicks brothers of Worcester were unbeatable in singles and doubles and provided the margin of victory.

The high spot of the season was the victory over Andover, 5-4. In singles the team lost four matches, but the three doubles combines of Moore-Schilling, Scott-Haskins, and Gilmor-Kean turned in wins to enable the team to come from behind and secure this fine win.

Schilling, Moore, and Scott represented St. Mark's in the Exeter Interscholastics. Hayden and Pete were defeated in singles and doubles in the third round, while Gene met tough luck in the opening round and succumbed to a Hebron player.

The season closed with the traditional Groton match which stood at 4-3 in our favor when rain forced postponement of the doubles play.

Moore and Haskins have made excellent co-captains. Mr. Carey is to be thanked most heartily for his fine work with the younger players during the spring.

R. J. Harrington

ACTIVITIES

Student Council

UPPER STUDENT COUNCIL

Stevens, Curtis, J. N., Weymouth, Miner, Jenkins, Wickes, Iselin, Tuckerman
Wettlaufer, Goodyear, L., Coe, Akers, Loudon, McConnell, Laidlaw, Grace
Kean, Berthelsen, Beveridge, Sherwood, Steedman, Shaw, Douglas

LOWER STUDENT COUNCIL

Warriner, Strawbridge, Williams, Sculley, Dilworth, Spalding
Jackson, R., Barber, Farmer, Suydam, Smith, D. H., Howarth, J. N., Radsch
Wendt, Johnston, Wickes, Jenkins, Stevens, Martin, W.

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Laurence R. Goodyear

French Club

An unfortunate boy sitting at the "table française" answered in halting French a question fired at him by Mr. Wiseman, "Je ne comprends pas, monsieur."

The table is a part of the French Club which Mr. Wiseman founded to widen classroom horizons and to get boys interested in France. The club recruited members at a phenomenal rate and soon became the largest organized activity in St. Mark's—membership 58.

A feature of the activities was the seventeen programs of films and slides, with both English and French narration. The movies varied from shots of Brittany and an art film on Matisse, to glimpses of the reconstruction of Aulnay in Normandy. Toward the end of April, the club put on an evening of French songs and skits for the school.

Perhaps one of the most vital aspects of the club was the series of discussions on Franco-American relations held during the spring term.

Scientific Society

Out of the meeting's confusion came order and martial law. Article II, Section C of the new constitution read: "Members failing to appear at three consecutive meetings are subject to expulsion."

Despite the rigorous rulings it had imposed on itself, President Dave's club stayed intact, culminating its year of activities in its Alumni Day exhibit of individual projects. Many persons could show tangible results of their work, such as the reflecting mirrors ground out by the Astronomy group, and the geiger counter and receivers of the Physics and Radio clubs respectively. But many could get satisfaction alone from their projects, e.g., the meteorological man forecasting weather conditions ("Aiken, what's the weather for Saturday?")

Dangers were few. The principal one resulted from slippery chemical laboratory floors wet by frequent applications of bromine water. In proportion to the society's expanded horizons was the boy's chance to become interested in a new field of activity.

GLEE CLUB

Church, Pell, Plumb, Smiddy, Quarton, Weymouth, Beal, Carleton, Meachen, Miner, Tyson, Bullock
Douglas, Van Vranken, Hall, B., Sheffield, Curtis, Akers, Morgan, Doughten, Carter, N., Poitras, E., Sherwood, Linsley
Rankin, Williamson, Creel, Berthelsen, Loudon, Shaw, J., Mr. Sheppard, Harvey, F. H., Gilmor, Hutchins, Supino, Hall, R.
Mallory, Henshaw, W., Wickes, Palmer, P., Mushinski, Rogers, Carter, L. A., Sears, Montgomery

BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW

Laidlaw, Kunkel, Moore, Gibbs, Curtis, Miner, Carleton, Wettlaufer
Quarton, Hall, R., Edwards, Williamson, Loudon, Shaw, Scudder, Akers, McConnell
Spurr, Coe, Kean, Sherwood, Mr. Trefry, Steedman, Beveridge, Musgrave, Gilmor

The Dance Couples

Akers	Judy Jewett
Armstrong	Nancy Sherwood
Ballande	Gerd Hylland
Berthelsen	Judy Mears
Beveridge	Mary Rose Mackay
Carter	Letty Trimper
Creel	Eva Chittenden
Douglas	Lee Brown
Doughten	Pat Aitken
Edwards	Helen Holmes
Gilmor	Nancy Howe
Hall, B.	Priscilla Rand
Hall, R.	Nancy Jones
Harvey	Eleanor Maclachlan
Haskins	Carol Johanson
Howarth	Ellen Bent
Hutchins	Sally Salmen
Jones	Wendy Dame
Kean	Mary Wigglesworth
Legoretta	Mary Ellen Woodward
Loudon	Natalie Flather
Morrell	Ellen Meyer
Musgrave	Winnie Crane
Neilson	Harriet Dansard
Quarton	Nancy Curtis
Rankin	Rae Lunnie
Reeves	Carole Spill
Scudder	Marnie Thomas
Shaw	Lynne Kiene
Sherwood	Nancy Richardson
Smiddy	Betsey Armstrong
Spurr	Ruth McCann
Steedman	Lynn Hammesfahr
Supino	Maribeth Kingscote
Walsh	Carol Hitchcock
Williamson	Brownie Ludlow

Sixth Form Dance

To finally have the time of your life as a Sixth Former and no longer be shoved into the background as your superiors parade their girls before you is a great accomplishment. But to have the time of your life despite numerous last-minute adversities is an even greater accomplishment. The class of '53, stretched out in the Sixth Form Room just before lunch on Sunday, February 22, admitted they had done both. A flu epidemic managed to claim two of the Form, and spring-like weather not only removed all possibility of skating but reduced strategic Belmont Field to a muddy swamp. But a weekend so long awaited doesn't collapse in the face of a few difficulties.

After spending a night scavenging the school for Sixth Form Room decorations and after spending a day in anything but study, the Form greeted their females as they graced the school at dusk on Friday, February 20. The weekend was on!

The Barbers' wing was invaded for a buffet supper of curried chicken, and then the couples returned to the Sixth Form Room, which was the starting and ending point of every weekend activity, a home base of operations.

The traditional dance (in the Old Gym) was highlighted by fish-net decorations, swarthy waiters of pirate fame, and bold lower formers, who monopolized the girls before being reluctantly chased off to bed. The weekend really got on its feet in the remaining hours before the 12:45 curfew.

Saturday dawned rainy, but the couples hardly noticed it as they spent the morning, after breakfast in the Barbers' wing, watching the gala première of Lion Films' *The Four Horsemen*, engaging in a basketball tussle, or quietly chatting in the Sixth Form Room.

A few of the more gallant members of the Form carried their girls on their backs as the couples moved across swampy Belmont to lunch at the Arms. The meal was accompanied with high spirits and numerous songs, an air of joviality that was more subdued at the formal dinner that evening.

After considerable difficulty in lining up transportation to the Framingham region, most of the couples departed for an afternoon at the movies. Everyone luckily caught the same bus back and took an enjoyable stroll at dusk from Fayville to the outskirts of Southboro.

The big moment arrived as the couples partook of filet mignon in the dining room and later danced to the fine music of Ken Reeves and his orchestra. The evening slipped away much too quickly for everyone as it always does when you are really enjoying yourself. By the time the music stopped at one, most of the couples had departed for the Sixth Form Room or the masters' houses to culminate the evening. Just at two the cloisters rang with footsteps as the Form returned, breathless but happy.

Sunday morning everyone sleepily gathered in the Barbers' wing for the final meal with the discouraging thought that the weekend was drawing its last breaths. After church, to the general dismay, the girls were whisked off. The clock struck twelve, Cinderella was gone, and everything was unfortunately back to normal. The sun had finally broken through and there was ice on the pond, but it didn't matter. Everyone had been through a weekend they wouldn't easily or gladly forget.

Thanks for the smooth-running weekend go to Mrs. Barber for everything, to Mrs. Hill for the meals *par excellence*, to the faculty families, and finally to John Morrell and his dance committee.

Dramatic Club

March 7th witnessed the rise of a rather battered curtain on a not-so-battered production. This masterpiece was the Gershwin musical *Of Thee I Sing*, the result of two months of prodigious rehearsal by the 1953 Dramatic Club and its skillful coaches. Two months later, on May 9th, a second performance was given in an effort to keep the Alumni Weekend at its traditional gayest.

The rather novel choice was made because there was not enough time after spring vacation to rehearse a special show for Alumni Day. So it was decided that *Of Thee I Sing* should this year take the place of the S.M.D.C. production and be presented again on Alumni Day.

From the very opening strains of the overture, it was obvious that the skillful coaching of Mr. Badger and Mr. Sheppard and the choreography of Mr. Paul Anderson had produced outstanding results and had inspired the actors.

With a cast of 53, it would take me much too long to congratulate all those deserving praise. I would like especially to laud Berthelsen for his fine job as Fulton. I cannot bypass performances given by the two leading ladies, Bob Hutchins and Joe Curtis. Praise is also due to the committee members, on whom the brunt of the show fell. Besides these, I should like to mention Francois Ballande, who was superb as the French Ambassador, and the dancing boys and girls, whose floating legs and brilliant smiles kept the audiences constantly amused. But before I end, let me also remind you of the brilliant performance of President-elect Frank McConnell as the meek Alexander Throttlebottom.

It was a great production. Let me first speak for the cast in thanking the directors for an admirable job, and then speak for myself in thanking the cast for its hard work and cooperation.

John Loudon

Brantwood

A slow, methodical step was heard on the porch. The boys snapped to attention. Slowly the shack door opened, disclosing Mr. Cook's ponderous form closely flanked by Messrs. Freeman and Gerdau. The trio toddled around past the boys standing stiffly at attention. The genial director's eagle eye spotted a small broomstraw in the corner of the shack. With a sardonic chuckle, he muttered, "Mark it down, Mr. Freeman; large hayfield in the corner." Thus another Sunday inspection commenced.

In the next fifteen minutes, the shack went through a thorough search. Trunks were moved, beds were overturned, floorboards were ripped in the frantic search for any kind of dust, dirt, or grime. Finally it was over. Mr. Gerdau eyed the boys, then proudly announced that the inspectors had found "a huge boulder" (a small pebble), "an enormous garbage dump" (a small sliver of glass hidden under a rock), and in the corner "a tremendous carnivorous beast" (an ant), which tried to attack the inspector.

"At ease!" cried Mr. Freeman, and the three inspectors pompously strutted out. Immediately angry voices could be heard inside the shack.

"Why the h... didn't you pick up that broomstraw?"

"Say, how did that ant get in here?"

"Oh that? It crawled off Mr. Gerdau's shoe."

So goes an average Sunday inspection at Brantwood. Such activities fill the day of both boys and counselors. There are the swim periods (efforts by the swimming director to prevent the boys from drowning each other); hiking (in which the counselors try to keep up with the boys); and finally the melodious campfire solos by Messrs. Cook, Gerdau, et al.

So it goes. But life at Brantwood is a valuable experience for all. None of us who have ever been there will forget the camp or the boys who went there.

The Epilogue

Finished. Six years of hard study and good times—sometimes legal, more often not—are finished. But nothing more than that? Do you see that First Former cavorting in his carefree, ingenuous way? He is not familiar to you, but he is you, and you are he, six years only in between. Those years have done much to us, and we to them. Many masters have made their impression on our characters. Many courses have done their work.

Molded, sometimes battered, we have come through—not to look back with longing but to face the future with hope. Tomorrow we shall return to look again at the ivy and the memories, but today the future is ahead.

IT IS BEGINNING TO DAWN upon even the least observant of us that we are drifting alarmingly in the direction of a state-controlled economy. • The momentum of our losses in freedom is gaining at a rapid rate, but we still have the choice between subjection and American freedom as we have known it. • We are like the boy who dreaded his job of up-rooting a stubborn stump until a wise passer-by gave him an exciting reason for doing the job. He told of a pot of gold that might have been buried there during the Civil War, to conceal it from the enemy. The stump was up in record time. • In America our "gold" is not imaginary, nor is the "stump." We must "dig" to preserve the freedom that still is ours. • If we lose it, we end up as a nation of masters and slaves. Our habit of accepting unproven things as if they were facts eventually may cost us our heritage. • Our future depends upon individual initiative—upon what we do individually—not upon blind reliance upon others. • John A. Roebling's Sons Company, Trenton 2, N. J.

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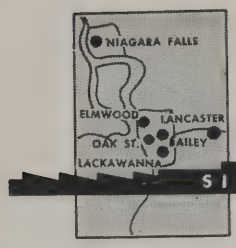

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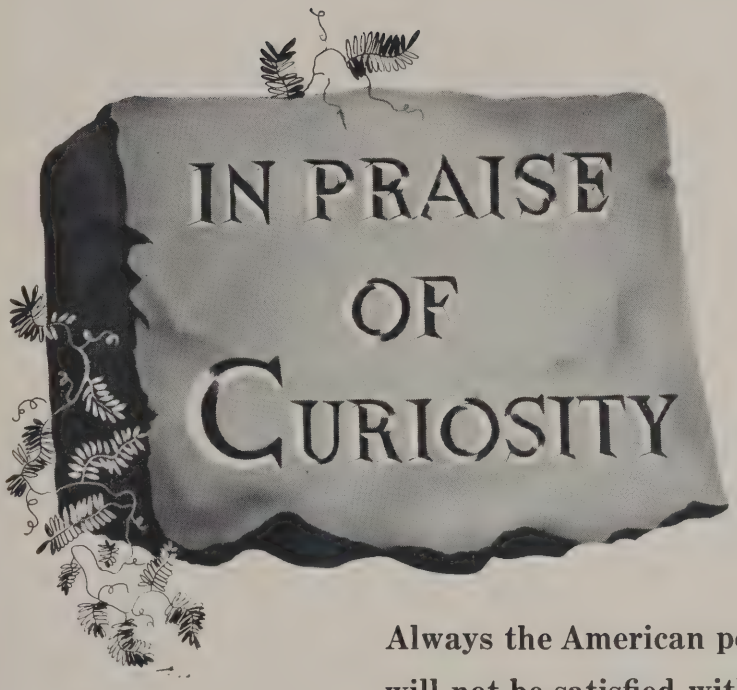
Perhaps it started with Eve—and humanity was thrust from the Garden of Eden because of it.

Certainly the men of the Renaissance had it—Pasteur had it—Einstein has it.

Call it an itch, a restlessness, a divine afflatus. Point or waggle your finger at it, with talk of Prying Peters or dead cats. Blame it on genes, a bracing climate, an extra convolution of the brain.



But without it—nothing.

Without it, mothers dying of puerperal fever and men living in caves—without it, robotism and stagnation and the dead end.

* * *

Always the American people have had it—a curiosity which will not be satisfied with dreams or appearances, but must probe until the lands are charted, the germ isolated, the truth exposed.

May they have it as long as there is an America—for if it ever goes, America will not matter.

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